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THE BELLE OF THE ORIENT:

—OR,—

THE HINDOO MERCHANT'S LEGACY.

A Story of the East and West.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

EDWARD HARGREVE'S ADOPTED SON.

MR. EDWARD HARGREVE was a merchant at Southampton. He was reputed to be wealthy, and his name, on 'change, was believed to be as good as the bank of England, for any amount, for which he would sign it. He was a kind-hearted man, liberal to the needy, and desirous of making the friends around him prosperous and happy.

Mr. Edward Hargreve had become responsible, however, for the transactions of others, in whom he had too credulously reposed confidence, and after a series of ill fortune on their part, he found his property embarrassed for the debts and bonds of his "friends," almost beyond the hope of redemption, through his own efforts. Yet, he continued to struggle on. He lived with economy, labored diligently to avert any catastrophe, managed his dubious pecuniary matters shrewdly, and continued, for the present to keep the hitherto honored and honorable name of Edward Hargreve out of the columns of the Bankrupt's Gazette.

About twenty years previously, a distant relative of Mr. Hargreve, who resided at Newbury, and with whom Mr. Hargreve had never had much to do, came down to Southampton on business. His name was Marlock, and he brought with him a little boy—a fine-looking, rosy cheeked fellow—who attracted considerable notice, from his natural brightness and comely looks. Mr. Hargreve, at that time, had never met Marlock, but once before—but the man hunted out his "rich relative," and called upon Hargreve, while in town, accompanied by the child.

Marlock had then recently buried his wife, and desired to provide for this boy (whom he called his (baby), as he had no other children, and he was not now in a condition to care for and educate him as he wished to do. The child was a promising one. Mr. Hargreve took a fancy to him—he was childless, himself—and the result of their interview was that Marlock should leave little George with his family, and be agreed to adopt him. Marlock shortly afterwards left the country for a long while, and the child became a pet in Mr. Hargreve's household. Nothing further was heard of Marlock, the boy's name was changed at once to Hargreve, he grew up as the son of that gentleman, and was not made acquainted with the circumstances of his adoption, for reasons that were satisfactory to Mr. Hargreve and his wife.

The child did not belong, legitimately, to Marlock, however. One Glessin, an unfortunate and dissolute clothier, at Colchester, had eloped with a fair young girl of a neighboring town, whom he deceived in regard to his pecuniary prospects and possessions. Prior to her legal marriage, which was subsequently consummated, however, she gave birth to a son. She died—Glessin decamped, under disgraceful circumstances, and the infant fell into the hands of Marlock, who would have provided for him, eventually, had not death taken away his wife, while George was so young. It was a fortunate arrangement, he thought, when Hargreve proposed to adopt the boy, and he very gladly relinquished all further claim upon him, when Mr. Hargreve so opportunely offered to receive him as his own child. The name of Marlock was almost entirely forgotten, after so long a period; it was never mentioned in connection with George, or his history, and while he grew up in total ignorance of the facts that so intimately concerned him, the secret of his actual birth was supposed by Hargreve, and his wife, to be entirely in their keeping.

When the facts of the disgrace of Glessin's subsequent wife was known by her friends and family, all of whom had been kept in ignorance of her whereabouts, even—for a long time after her elopement—her relatives did not seek her society again. They had strenuously advised her against Glessin, who was unfortunately known to be dissolute, and entirely unworthy of her; and when she ran away with him, all further claims upon their favor were annulled. She loved this man, however, she followed him, succumbed to his unhappy fortunes, suffered with him, and died, at last, leaving her infant behind her, as we have stated.

This woman was the sister of John Maitland! At the time of her trouble, her brother John was absent, in the East Indies. He was then rapidly acquiring fortune, which he ultimately gathered together, and, returning to his native land, with enormous wealth, accumulated by a twenty years' residence in the East, he settled down at Sunnyside, where he commenced to enjoy life, amid the highest splendor and ease. He heard with pain, of his sister's error, and her decease. He learned the common rumor that her child was dead, too, and as he had never known much of the details of the circumstances, so unpleasant to dwell upon, at all, he permitted her history to be buried with her, and rarely alluded to her in any manner whatever, after his return.

Mr. Hargreve was Maitland's personal friend. He had in former years transacted considerable business with him, and he knew him well. When George Hargreve came to Sunnyside to visit him, he liked his appearance much. He had met him, previously once or twice, and to *his* influence with the admiralty, particularly, though the boy did not know it, was young Hargreve indebted for his late promotion to the command of the Arrow.

Immediately after listening to the broken account given by old Barney Heath, in the cabin of the cutter, in reference to the history of the lieutenant, Mr. Maitland hastened to ascertain how it agreed with facts that he could imperfectly make out, from other and more creditable sources. But Marlock could not then be found. Ten days afterwards, however, communication was had with a brother of his, and the principal facts, so far as he was concerned, were at once substantiated. Glessin had not been heard of for more than a score of years; and it was presumed he was long since dead. He was a bad man, bad in principle, bad in all his aims and acts. The community where he had dwelt had felt this, and Colchester did not grieve when he suddenly and permanently took himself away.

The body of the deceased Heath was taken ashore from the cutter, and was decently buried. His companions who were arrested, were tried, and disposed of by the government. The lugger was confiscated, with her entire cargo, and subsequently Hargreve was pecuniarily rewarded, both by the national and the local authorities. Mr. Maitland continued his researches, at every opportunity, and eventually he was fully confirmed in the belief that George Hargreve was unquestionably his unfortunate sister's son. The ring he wore was finally examined by the constantly inquisitive Mr. Maitland, and he found beneath its seal, almost entirely defaced, from the wearing, the initials of his sister's maiden name! He questioned him regarding the scar upon his shoulder, but young Hargreve could remember nothing about it. Nevertheless, Maitland had seen this mark, to which Barney Heath had especially alluded, and he was satisfied that the lieutenant was his own nephew. He resolved accordingly; and forthwith went about putting into execution a plan which he had hitherto fixed upon, in his own mind (if opportunity should permit), to improve the condition and prospects of George Hargreve, to whom he had been very favorably inclined, from his first acquaintance with him. And now that he was satisfied in regard to his origin, though he scrupulously avoided any allusion to the knowledge he possessed of his paternity, he felt more solicitous than ever that young Hargreve should be made to profit by his well-meant intentions towards him.

Besides this, he was glad of the opportunity to render Mr. Hargreve, senior, such aid as he believed might follow indirectly upon the results of his scheme. The foster-father of George was a high-minded and strictly honorable man, though he now labored with pecuniary difficulties. But he would not willingly be under obligations to Mr. Maitland, and the wealthy proprietor of Sunnyside knew this. He had in view the assistance of *his sister's child*, who he felt certain would turn any pecuniary advantages that might fall to his lot, to the bettering of his father's condition.

As yet, young Hargreve knew nothing of Mr. Maitland's intentions, nor did that gentleman communicate his plan to any one else. He had recently returned from a visit to the north, where he had been in search of some further confirmatory evidence regarding the boy, and more especially with a view of furthering his scheme to help his nephew. He had also communicated with his personal friend, the government secretary of naval affairs, en route homeward from Liverpool.

George Hargreve was still occupied on the southern station, as commander of the Arrow, and his life was one continual routine, of the details of which he had become heartily tired, when, one morning, he received a pressing note from Mr. Maitland, to visit Sunnyside. The letter enclosed another from the secretary, offering him leave of absence for a month, from his duties, a very acceptable proffer, which the lieutenant quickly availed himself of!

CHAPTER VII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

As soon as the order arrived from London relieving Lieutenant Hargreve, and temporarily appointing his successor in charge of the cutter, the former left the Arrow directly; and, after paying a brief visit to his much-loved father, whom he had never known only as a true and faithful parent, he repaired to Sunnyside, once more, to enjoy a temporary season of rest and recreation, and to learn the pleasure of its kindly proprietor, who had latterly evinced so great an interest in his affairs.

When the young man was fairly settled at Sunnyside, Mr. Maitland took an early opportunity to open to him the plan he had thought of, for his benefit; and, seated with him in his library, the following day after his arrival at the mansion, he thus addressed him:

"You have now a month's furlough, George, and I have been looking about for an opportunity for you, whereby you may reap a heavy pecuniary advantage, eventually, I think, if you will follow my advice. At your leisure, you can examine into my proposal, and let me know how you feel disposed in the premises."

"My dear sir," said the grateful youth, "you are very kind to me, and I am not aware to what particular circumstance in my life I am indebted for such unexpected consideration at your hands."

"Never mind that, George. Your father and I are old friends. He is too high-minded to ask favors of me, and perhaps it is just as well. Say, then, if you need a reason for my conduct, that I would oblige your excellent parent, or whatever you will, but suffer me to advise you, now."

"I am greatly your debtor, sir, already," replied young Hargreve, "and I promise you, at the outset, that I shall appreciate the motives which induce you to make any suggestions that I may avail myself of, to improve my unfortunate father's condition."

"Very well, then. You are a sailor. There is now lying in the port of Liverpool, preparing for sea, an excellent bark, belonging to a friend of mine, which is bound to India and China, on a trading voyage in the east; and there is, at present, a vacancy in the supercargo's place, which I desire you should occupy. What do you think of such a chance?"

"Really, sir, I don't know what to reply. This is entirely new, unexpected to me. And I am at a loss to answer you. I should very much like it, I think, if I had the means to—"

"On that score the business is settled, George. It will be necessary for you to throw up your commission—"

"I care little for that, sir—"

"Then there can be no impediment that may not be overcome. If it will please you, I assure you it is by no means an ordinary opportunity."

"So I was thinking, sir."

"I am quite sure of it, George. You know I have had some experience in this business. I began life as the almost moneyless supercargo of a Calcutta ship. I met with rare good luck on my first voyage, and as you are aware I subsequently settled in China, and accumulated a handsome property. You are a younger man than I was, and you are far better qualified for the duties that I then assumed. You can easily become rich, there, if you will; and I will gladly aid you in your fitting-out, if you will allow me."

"I accept your offer, then, Mr. Maitland, most gratefully, and with but a single qualification."

"And what is that?"

"That my father will consent. He is now under the weather, you know, somewhat, and may not care to part with me at present. If he is willing, however, and I will ascertain his pleasure immediately, I am ready to resign my lieutenantcy, and will gladly embrace your kind proposal."

"You will need to give yourself no uneasiness or trouble on that score, George. I have already heard from him, to-day, in regard to my proposition, which I suggested to him first. He does not like to be separated from you, for he loves you, but he sees what I see; that you cannot fail to profit by this change, and he consents to our plan, cheerfully."

"Thank you, sir, again, then, for your earnest and friendly consideration. What shall I do first? I will follow your instructions, implicitly."

"Then I will advise you, first, to proceed to Liverpool, without unnecessary delay; and I will give you letters to the owners of the barque, which will ensure you a cordial reception there. You can confer with them, examine the vessel, ascertain whatever details it may be requisite for you to know in reference to the barque, her capacity, the voyage, etc., and let me know how you are pleased with the prospect."

"I will do so at once, sir; with many thanks for the interest you may have made in my behalf," said Hargreve, gratefully.

"That is all right, George. The owners of the Sea Gull are my friends. I have done a large amount of business with them, and they can well afford to oblige me. I have seen them, engaged the place for a young friend of mine, whom I named to them in confidence, and they will be glad to meet you."

"I will aim to merit your favor, sir."

"I know you will, and that is why I aid you. You will want some means to arrange for your own adventure, in this voyage—"

"That is just where I feared I should fail to—"

"O, no! I understand all that, of course. You haven't been able to save much from your salary, George, and your father can't help you to a shilling. I knew all that, too, you see. Whatever money you may need, I will furnish you. I shall authorize you to draw on me, at sight, for six thousand pounds. This will fit you out."

"Amply, sir, amply, I judge."

"Then you will find use for a few thousands more, for such invoices as you may select to take out with you; the details of which you will be duly informed of, at Liverpool. For all this you will be provided. With fair luck and good management, such as I know you to be capable of, you may, by this means, lay the foundation for a certain fortune in a few years. Here, you can do nothing but live on from month to month, without much reward for your talents and labor; there, you may become rich, and return home by and by to enjoy it. Do you accept?"

"Most anxiously and gratefully, sir. If I live—"

"You will repay me, and all that, eh?"

"You anticipate my thoughts, sir. But if I die—"

"Then I shall have done my best to serve you, and your father, George; and I shall never feel the absence of the few readily earned pounds which I most cheerfully invest in this agreeable experiment."

On the following evening, Hargreve took a seat in the northern mail coach, and proceeded on his way to Liverpool, in furtherance of Mr. Maitland's plan. He was bearer of the following letter to the owners of the Sea Gull, which Maitland placed in his hands, at the moment of starting, and which will explain the object of his present mission:

"Sunnyside Thursday, A. M.

"GENTLEMEN:—This will be put into your hands by my young friend, Lieutenant George Hargreve, of whom I spoke to you, in reference to the supercargo-ship of the Sea Gull, when I saw you recently at Liverpool.

"I need only say that Mr. Hargreve is in every way happily qualified for the vacant place referred to, and that it is my wish he should join you in the forthcoming voyage of the barque, destined for Calcutta and Canton.

"His drafts upon me for all such amounts as may be necessary for his outfit, ventures, etc., will be duly honored on presentation; and I will bespeak for Mr. Hargreve your best efforts to render his intercourse with you agreeable, while I trust it will also be mutually and prosperously profitable.

"I am, gentlemen, your friend and obedient servant, JOHN MAITLAND."

This generous letter was everything that Hargreve needed, as he subsequently ascertained. On his arrival at Liverpool, he waited upon the owners, and presented his credentials. He was most graciously received, and every facility was afforded him to ascertain what he needed or desired to know.

It was evident to the lieutenant that the friends of Mr. Maitland, in Liverpool, appreciated that gentleman. The utmost deference was paid by them to every suggestion that Hargreve ventured to make, and they finally took him on board the barque, to examine her in dock.

The weather was fine, and George enjoyed his trip and his prospects exceedingly. He had not yet resigned his place in the British navy, but such were the impressions he formed, during his visit at Liverpool, that he determined, immediately on his return to Southampton, to place the disposal of his commission in the hands of the secretary of the naval board.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRITISH INDIAMAN.

THE Sea Gull was a splendid vessel, and her model and general appearance greatly pleased the sailor-eye of the young lieutenant. The business he was now about to embark in was new, and yet it was not new, to him; that is, he was sailor enough for any emergency, but his knowledge of mercantile affairs was of course but limited. The duties of supercargo, however, were to his mind very readily understood, and he commenced the initiative at once.

He employed the balance of the time allowed by his furlough, in getting ready to sail for India. He found, after his arrival at Liverpool, that the season was advancing and that it was desirable to get away as rapidly as possible. There was still a good deal to be accomplished, before the barque could sail, at best, and he had much to do, upon his own account, before it would be possible for him to leave. Under the advice and general direction of his owners, therefore, he went to work to prepare for his new duties, and at the expiration of two weeks, he had got things well under way for the beginning of his present enterprise.

The Sea Gull was a full-sized barque, for those days, of some three hundred and twenty tons, measurement. She had been built with all the then known conveniences and appliances requisite for a first-class vessel intended for the India trade, and had already made one successful voyage to and from Calcutta and Sumsara. Her officers and crew were well chosen, and the substitution of young Hargrave for his predecessor in the office of supercargo, completed a complement of men such as was rarely found on board the best Indiaman that sailed from England. At the end of a fortnight, the lieutenant returned to Southampton, again. After a brief visit to his father, where the necessary explanations were made in reference to his future designs, he repaired once more to Sunnyside, to confer with his munificent patron, and to prepare finally for his departure to the east.

"I am glad to see you, George," said Mr. Maitland, congratulating him, cordially. "Tell me, now, how you like the barque, and the prospect lately opened to you?"

"Everything promises auspiciously, sir—thanks to your liberality. The owners of the barque received me with marked kindness, and I found matters in the best possible condition. The Sea Gull is a very handsome craft, and I judge her to be an excellent sailer. I ventured some few suggestions to her owners and the commander, which I was gratified to notice they adopted, before I left, and I see no reason why we may not be eminently prosperous in this enterprise."

"You have made such purchases as you deemed advisable, I presume?"

"Everything is in train, sir. The master of the barque is an old salt, and his experience in the trade will be of great advantage to me. I have a good deal to learn yet, however, Mr. Maitland."

"That is a matter of course. But the facilities you have now placed in your hands, and the disposition of all concerned to push forward your interests, while at the same time they may avail themselves of your seamanship and general nautical knowledge, will enable you mutually to benefit each other, and turn your positions and experience to the general advantage of the venture."

"So it appears to be understood, sir."

"When do you sail?"

"On Monday week, sir."

"So soon?"

"There will be no delay, sir, after this week, except to bend a new set of sails, in part. The cargo is being stowed with all convenient despatch, and I have promised to return to Liverpool within ten days. In the meantime, I shall forward my resignation to the department, and get ready for the voyage."

"Very good. Let us enjoy as much of your leisure at Sunnyside, as may be agreeable and in accordance with your engagements before you leave, and bear in mind that you will always be a welcome guest with us here, George."

"I shall not forget this, sir. To-morrow, I must run down aboard the Arrow, and get away my traps. The next day, I will write to the secretary. I must give a day or two to my father and his family, and then, sir—ho! for India!"

"Is there no *other* young friend to whom you will devote a few private hours, before you leave, George?" asked Mr. Maitland, suspiciously.

"No, sir, no," said Hargreve, quickly. "I know what you *suspect;* but I assure you I have never had much time to devote to the kind of 'young friend,' to which I presume you now so felicitously allude. And besides this, if I had had more leisure, I have never enjoyed the means, or the prospect, that would warrant any particular attention on my part toward the other sex."

"This is very well, George, and confirms the opinion I had previously entertained of your good judgment. There is time enough—time enough, my son. And you *may* meet with those in the course of your prospective wanderings, who may be quite as worthy of you as those you leave behind you."

"Time will decide all that, sir. I have now in view an object of more consequence, in my estimation, than this, and one which I cannot but think, as a matter of filial duty, calls far more loudly upon my exertions in the present. I would save my father from future embarrassment, sir, if possible, and I believe I shall now be able to help him."

"Yes, yes. You are right, George, and I honor the motives which actuate you. Go, then. And may you prosper as you deserve," said Mr. Maitland, warmly.

The resignation of Lieutenant Hargreve in the British navy had been duly accepted. The moment of leave-taking had passed. He had bid adieu to his family, and had shaken the hand of his kind friend Mr. Maitland, finally, before he started for the north, again. His young associates on board the Arrow were in deep regret to learn of his having left the service, and his crew who loved him, were also sorry to part with so kind a commander and so efficient a seaman.

He reached Liverpool at the appointed time, where he found everything progressing admirably. His merchandize was all on board, the barque had been put in complete sailing order, and but a very little delay occurred after his arrival. His requisite authority was made out, the preliminaries were all adjusted, and the signal for departure was finally given on board the handsome and well appointed Sea Gull.

George Hargreve thought of everything that he desired to remember, or attend to, prior to sailing, notwithstanding the confusion and embarrassments under which he naturally labored at such a time, and under such peculiar circumstances. He wrote a hasty but affectionate letter to his loved foster-father, and the parting hour he devoted to his patron, in the following epistle, which he sent down by mail, on his way to the dock:

"Liverpool, Monday, A. M.

"MY DEAR MR. MAITLAND:—The last moments that I pass, for the present, upon my native soil, I devote to *you*. I am now ready to sail. The Sea Gull lies in the stream, and I am now bound on board—when we shall immediately set sail, with a fair wind and a cheering sky.

"Permit me, my dear sir, at this moment to reiterate the fulness of the obligations that I now feel myself under to you—who have accomplished all this happiness and prospective good fortune for me, when I do not know how I can repay you!

"You may rely on the faithfulness of my stewardship, however, with confidence. I shall endeavor to acquit myself creditably, and I hope to be able to return to England at a future day, with fortune and honor.

"The amount of your investments in my behalf in this present undertaking, as per memoranda below, I find to be eleven thousand two hundred pounds. For all this, I heartily thank you; and, lest some accident may befall me, and we should not meet again, I have thought proper to effect an insurance upon my life, which I have accordingly attended to, in the London Loan and Trust Company, for the sum of twelve thousand pounds sterling; which, as you will note, is made over to yourself, in case of my death, and which I now enclose herein. If I live you will be repaid, with interest. If I die, you are thus pecuniarily secured from loss in this experiment.

"With my kind regards to Mrs. Maitland and the members of your excellent household, and the fervent hope, my dear sir, that you may live long and happily to enjoy your honorably earned and liberally dispensed fortune, believe me, with a full heart,

"Your friend, GEORGE HARGREVE."

Within the next hour after this letter had been despatched, young Hargreve was on board the Sea Gull, which had got under weigh with beautiful promise, and was now headed for the Irish Channel, before a spanking breeze.

The letter reached its destination by due course of mail. Mr. Maitland was happy to hear from the young man, but the delicacy of the business transaction that accompanied the missive struck him with singular favor. He deposited the insurance policy in his strong box, and complimented Hargreve, earnestly, for this exhibition of forethought and unanticipated propriety.

While the Sea Gull is ploughing her way across the ocean, with prosperous gales, let us take the reader to a far distant clime from this, and anticipate the barque's arrival.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BELLE OF THE ORIENT.

In the great city of Calcutta, there dwelt at this time one Sedd Rajah, a member of the order of Bhyssya, or mercantile fraternity, in India, whose wealth was untold, and whose consequence among his associates was very great. Rajah was an old man, nearly sixty, and his property had been accumulated in the previous half century by his communication with the Portuguese, and afterwards with British residents in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay.

Rajah was surrounded by a horde of *soodras*, who came and went at his beck or call with astonishing alacrity. This fraternity is now the one extreme of society in India, generally, and the Brahmins is the other. In former times, there were four or five distinct classes, or *castes*, in society—as Brahmins, Kyetra, or Rajaputs, Bhyssya, or Vaisa Soodras and Parias. Since the French and English have settled among this people, notwithstanding their intense attachment to the ancient usages of their land and nations, certain modifications have taken place, from time to time—until now there are but two classes, the upper and lower, recognizable as distinct *castes*.

Rajah's style of living was luxurious, and there was really no end to his wealth and his expenditure. In the earlier days of the Portuguese and French settlements in India, he had been among the most successful of the native traders; and up to within a few years of the time when we now speak of him, he was very largely interested in the most profitable trade of that splendid country.

Rajah did not marry until he was nearly forty. At that time he was in the enjoyment of a magnificent fortune, and was known as one of the richest of the Bhyssya tribe. He wedded the daughter of a deceased merchant of this class, whose wealth was also very great. The Hindoos, generally, are of a swarthy complexion—not unlike the Spanish population; but the higher orders are as white as Europeans, and many of the females are remarkably beautiful, both in features and complexion. The men are notorious for their shrewdness, frugality, and generous manners, and probably, while no country on the globe affords equal facilities for the amassing of wealth, so no other people equal this in their tact and readiness in acquiring it. The introduction of civilization among them—though it carried with it manifold evils—gave the natives an immense impulse, and for a long series of years both foreigners and residents got rapidly rich, by the changes that occurred.

Sedd Rajah had been one of the foremost of his thriving race. It is well known that at Calcutta the society is of the gayest and most splendid character. The dwellings of the higher classes are handsome, and the hospitality of both Mussulman and emigrant is proverbial, the world over. The entire absence, at that period, of public houses of any sort, rendered this feeling in the community a necessity, in a measure; and every new comer at that city was compelled to be domiciled in some private family, where his living proved enormously expensive, but surely agreeable, so long as he enjoyed the benefits of health and a well-filled purse!

Three years after their marriage, the wife of Rajah gave birth to a daughter, who grew up to womanhood a blooming Eastern beauty. This proved their only child, and a fortune was lavished upon her education. Katrin was the idol of her father, and she deserved all his fond devotion; for, while her charms were undisputed and unrivalled, her qualities of heart and mind were well adapted to her extreme loveliness and her brilliant position in life.

The constant communication of the family with English and French residents soon gave the parents a knowledge of their tongues, and Rajah took great pains, notwithstanding his natural inclinations to observe the exclusiveness of his order, in reference to other details, to have his daughter instructed and accomplished in the language of the English, and many of their higher qualifications. Katrin proved a ripe scholar, and at eighteen years of age would scarcely have been suspected as the descendant of native Hindoo parents, even among the foreigners dwelling in the country!

The indigo from Delhi and Bengal, the silks furnished from Orissa and the country around it, the Madras cotton goods, the Bengal sugars and bamboo—and the opium, poppies, mango, palms, dates, and other commodities of a merchantable character—all contributed to fill the storehouses of Sedd Rajah, and he was still the munificent merchant that he had been for nearly two scores of years; when he was suddenly reminded that his health was failing, and that he must soon pay the final debt of nature, unless he could meet with substantial aid for his bodily trouble.

The services of a learned Brahmin were secured, who undertook the cure of old Rajah. He applied himself with marked assiduity to his experiments, and the sufferer submitted patiently to his long-continued treatment—but the sick man did not improve. Could the Brahmin have accomplished his purpose, a brilliant fortune would have been his reward. But he failed to effect any real improvement, and the climate of that country, unfortunately, was such, that Rajah had little hopes, in fact, from the first, of a permanent recovery. The disease became seated, at last, the old man relinquished the further use of the physician's nostrums, turned to a quiet and careful diet, and suffered on, with his really incurable malady.

With a deep solicitude, fair Katrin watched the evidently declining health of her loved and honored father, but she could only yield him her sympathy amid his trouble. She continued to grow in beauty and accomplishments, and had become the brilliant centre of the gayest circle in Calcutta. Her ruddy brunette complexion, her magnificent form, her eyes and ringlets of jet, her polished manners and elevated conversation, her ready ability to communicate with all who came to enjoy her father's noted hospitality, whether from abroad or from the interior—English, French or Hindoo—rendered her companionship most fortunate and desirable; and, while scores of the best citizens in the land, and of every nation, paid court to her, directly or indirectly, in the form of lovers or admirers, there were none who disputed the claim of Katrin, the beautiful, to the rightful title she had so long enjoyed, as the "*Belle of the Orient!*"

Unfortunately for the prospects of several young gentlemen, who had not failed to become enamored of her striking beauty, the Hindoo religion did not permit Katrin to form any connection whatever with one who was not of her *caste*. This tenet seemed to be imperatively binding upon her, and her father ever enjoined upon her the emphatic correctness of his ideas, in this particular. Katrin did not oppose him in his views on the subject, because she entertained no idea of changing her condition at present, in any way; moreover, she had gathered very different notions from his, in this as in some other matters—during the course of her Indo-English education; and, more than all, she had never as yet seen the man she would wed, under any circumstances. She was quite young, very happy, contented and petted at home, and she now looked for no change in her prospects.

The fortune of Rajah enabled him to command the skill of the best medical men in the land, and it was given out that whoever would effect a cure of his internal malady should be rewarded with a handsome fortune. The consequence was, that the "medicine men" far and near came to Calcutta to consult with the nabob patient, in the hope of securing the generous fee. But all resulted to no efficient purpose. Eventually, Rajah relinquished his business altogether, disposed of his rich stores of merchandize, and, dispirited at last, sat down calmly and resignedly to await the fate which was so palpably and fearfully certain in a few months or years, at most.

As his sweet and gentle daughter sat at his side from day to day, and watched the inroads that the fell destroyer was making on her father's constitution, he would mourn and plead with her to observe his wishes regarding her future.

"Katrin, beloved," he would say, "fair daughter of my heart, I would live to see thee happy; and then I go contented to join my fathers."

"Dear father," Katrin would reply, "Vishnu will watch over and preserve your child! Her trust is in Brahma. He will protect her!"

The aged parent would kiss the forehead of his lovely daughter, and call down blessings on her head.

She watched continuously for aid for him, and at last there came a Brahmin from the East, a learned Celestial, who examined the rich patient and declared that if he would follow his advice, he could save him.

He prescribed for him, for the time being, and old Rajah really found himself temporarily relieved! The strange physician then informed him that he understood his case accurately, and if he would journey to China, he would accompany him thither and guarantee his effectual restoration to health again.

Rajah consulted with other physicians, and all agreed that a change of climate would certainly do much to improve the invalid. The Chinese doctor was retained, and it was agreed that by the first good vessel which might be bound to Hong Kong or Canton, they would take passage towards the rising sun, and try the virtue of a change of air and scene and medical treatment, under the advice of their newly found friend.

Among the letters which young Hargreve received from the hands of his patron at Sunnyside, before leaving England, was one addressed to *Sedd Rajah, Calcutta*.

"He is an old acquaintance," said Mr. Maitland, when he presented George with this introductory note, "and you will find him a valuable man to communicate with, on your arrival in India. Seek him out, and follow his advice, if he offers it. He knows the country well, and can aid you."

It chanced one bright morning soon after Rajah had decided upon trying his journey to Canton, that there appeared in the river Hooghly, in front of the city, a fine new barque, from Liverpool. It proved to be the Sea Gull, which had put into Calcutta for a few days, on her way to her final destination, Canton.

The invalid merchant was agreeably surprised a few hours afterwards, while his *valeet* had gone on board the barque to arrange, if possible, for his master's passage, to meet with the young English lieutenant, who brought him a letter from his well-remembered acquaintance, John Maitland; and from whom he learned that there was no doubt that himself and suite could be accommodated as he desired.

Old Rajah was even so gracious as casually to present to the English stranger his daughter Katrin, his beloved, and an exceedingly pleasant interview succeeded his call. Hargreve contrived to learn another very agreeable circumstance, in the course of this visit, in conversing upon the subject of Rajah's proposed absence from India—and that was that Katrin would accompany her father abroad.

Hargreve repaired on board the Sea Gull, communicated his wishes to the commander, and arrangements were made, forthwith, for the reception and convenience of Rajah's family and attendants, to be conveyed to Canton.

CHAPTER X.

THE VOYAGE, AND WHAT ATTENDED IT.

THE good barque Sea Gull had made an excellent trip, of less than four months, from Liverpool to Calcutta. The merchandize which George had brought out for this market was quickly disposed of, and the space occupied by their goods was instantly filled up with other articles, in exchange, intended for the Chinese market—among which was a large quantity of Bengal opium—which, though interdicted by the laws of China, was taken out under advice of old Rajah, who knew how money was made in that region of country!

The cabin and state-rooms of the barque were nicely fitted up for the wealthy guests that were about to join them on the eastern voyage, and old Rajah was very glad of the opportunity thus afforded him to follow his physician's advice, in so comfortable a style. On the day appointed for sailing, Sedd Rajah, with his daughter, his physician, his valeet, and a dozen soodras, repaired on board the barque, with innumerable camphor-wood trunks and boxes, bamboo bedsteads and chairs—and such other conveniences as they deemed necessary for their comfort and ease on the journey.

The weather was fine, and they passed down the river out into the Bay of Bengal, and proceeded, without present hindrance, upon their voyage towards the China Sea, through the Straits of Malacca.

It was quickly evident to the officers of the Sea Gull that a very pleasant intimacy was growing up between the youthful supercargo of the barque and the dark-eyed Indian girl, whose remarkable beauty ravished the hearts of all who came in contact with her. Yet her decorum on shipboard was that of a female anchorite! Even George Hargreve—who thought he knew what a woman was, like most other young men who had never had much to do with them—even *he* could draw no word of real encouragement from the lips of the fair Hindoo, who preserved her secrets (if she had any) entirely and exclusively within her own keeping.

Yet Hargreve was constantly at the young lady's side, whenever he could be there without manifest intrusion, or when she was not engaged in comforting or chatting with her invalid father. Whatever was said between old Rajah and his child, in their native tongue, of course was worse than Greek to the ears of the young man. He knew nothing of their conversation, or their views, in regard to himself; but, in spite of all his endeavors to win the confidence of old Rajah he found the thing impossible. The rich old Hindoo knew how to treat the young foreigner with cordial politeness, and he was cunning enough to make no display of ill feeling towards him, at any time. Indeed, he was rather well inclined to Hargreve; but he loved his daughter—and he loved little else, save his money!

But Rajah was now excusable from being over-agreeable to anybody. He was sick, and sickness rendered him peevish; and he would be attended and nursed only by his daughter, after a time. Hargreve had attempted to utter some pleasant sentiments to Katrin, from time to time, as they proceeded on their voyage, but the black-eyed houri either did not appreciate his hints, or she waited a more fitting opportunity to acknowledge that she comprehended his flattering compliments.

Still he rallied the bright beauty at her favorite game of chess, or supported her on the deck of the barque, as they hied away to the east; and as they sped on, he relaxed no jot of his attentions to her, notwithstanding her continual coldness, and seeming apathy in regard to his protestations. She permitted him to do all the talking—and she only listened, when he ventured to play the gallant. But then she *did* listen! She even placed herself in the way of his companionship at length; yet she continued silent, reserved, lady-like, happy always—but she exhibited no pointed outward signs of being especially pleased with the English gentleman's devotions.

During the passage through the Straits, the weather became uneven at first, and finally boisterous, rendering the invalid uncomfortably seasick; when much of his daughter's time was occupied at her father's berth-side. They had left Singapore behind them, and had doubled Cape Romania; and upon coming out into the China Sea, the prospect had not greatly improved. The physician was constantly with old Rajah—patient, obliging and sympathetic, amid the sufferer's trials, and certainly did all in his power to alleviate him, and give him ease; his efforts were assiduous and constant, and in some measure palliated his distress; but he could not cure the Hindoo's disease.

The rough weather which they took off the Cape, increased, as they veered to the northward again. The rain fell heavily, and the crew of the Sea Gull scarcely knew what dry clothes were, for several days together. The top gallant sails had not been loosed since they entered the Straits, and the topsails were close-reefed as they worked up to the north. The wind at last came out at the eastward, and the heavy sea went down around the barque with a long roll, against the ochre sky, from daybreak to eight-bells in the evening.

When the middle watch reached the deck again, a heavy blackness had overspread the heavens away to windward, an ominous sight in that latitude. The mate stood near the hatch of the half-deck, looking earnestly out at the prospect, which his nautical experience told him was no very agreeable one, at that moment—and, as they had thus far experienced so fortunate a run, he had hoped to have reached Hong Kong without encountering this sort of scene. "But it isn't *all* sunshine, Mr. Hargreve, at sea," he said, turning to the lieutenant, who approached him, at this moment.

The mate turned away from the weather bulwark, where he had stood for a moment looking at the rising thickness. The certain precursor of the heavy squall could now be distinctly seen, in the long foamy white line that fringed the dark mass of clouds, and the hurricane was coming down upon the barque with fearful fury!

The orders went quickly forth from the strong lungs of the officer of the deck to take in sail; and very suddenly all was snug, and the barque was put away before it with close-reefed foresail, only. The Sea Gull behaved herself gallantly, however. Young Hargreve went below to encourage the passengers, and to allay any fears that might be experienced by old Rajah and his daughter. He found them attended by the physician, and not so much alarmed as he had anticipated. Indeed the fair Katrin proved herself a capital sailor, being but little sick during the whole voyage!

During the night, the barque was under as little sail as was necessary to keep her steady only, and at daylight, at the call of the second watch, the blackness began to disperse, the sea went down rapidly, and a clear sky opened to windward, as the breeze hauled round to the southwest once more. All hands were called, the royal masts were sent up, the topsails and topgallant sails were loosed, and sheeted home, the royals were flung out, the jib set, and the Sea Gull flew on before the sharp gale, at a twelve-knot rate, towards her destination.

They soon got pleasant weather, again—easy days and quiet nights attended them to the end of their passage; and as they moved happily and rapidly on, the chess-board was brought into requisition once more, the young Hindoo girl appeared gay and happy, Hargreve relaxed no particle of his attentions to her, old Rajah was temporarily easier, and the prospect was exceedingly agreeable to all parties on board. Together, seated upon the quarter-deck of the Sea Gull, beneath the smiles of the warm sun, and mutually enjoying the bracing effect of the grateful breezes, Hargreve and Katrin would sit, and watch the sportive playfulness of the dolphin, as it flitted about the vessel, or exclaim at the dexterity of the curious flying fish, as that singular piscatorial phenomenon would spring from the waves, and dart along, yards over the waving surface, supported for the moment by its firm but gauzy wings.

George Hargreve was really a very happy young man at this time; yet he scarcely realized what he was doing, or how little hope he could possibly have of keeping up his newly-made acquaintance with the daughter of the princely merchant of Calcutta. He did not tarry to reflect, however! His time was continually occupied in his endeavors to entertain the beautiful Katrin, whom he had become very fond of, without any reference to the disparity in their fortunes, the usually insurmountable barrier to their union on account of her religion, or the palpable indifference of old Rajah towards him; and last, though by no means least in importance, the total lack of reciprocation, on the part of the "peri of his thoughts," of his rapidly growing attachment to her.

Hargreve even pictured to himself, often, as he went to his berth at midnight, that this lovely girl might one day be his wife, perhaps! He would aim to accomplish this, he thought, *maybe* her religion, he father's coldness, her "outlandish" origin—in spite of anything and all things opposing conbined. He would marry her—if he could—and take her home to England, to his father, to Sunnyside—the daughter of the merchant-prince of Hindostan.

This valiant determination on the part of the sanguine and spirited lieutenant, was all very well, so far as his imaginative intents were concerned. But, as it chanced that the young lady herself had not as yet been consulted, and as her wealthy and bigoted heathen-parent was not over-well prepossessed in favor of Englishmen, generally, it seemed more than probable, notwithstanding the efforts and the disposition of Hargreve towards the lovely daughter of the Hindoo millionaire, that there were yet to be, at the least, two words to this proposed bargain!

None of these things entered at all into George's rather premature calculations, however. He continued to watch for the smiles of his inamorata, he flew to respond to her every desire or whim, he grew more and more attentive, as time passed glibly along, and the land of the "celestials" hove in sight, at last, ere he had made much apparent progress, and before he had any shadow of encouragement—although sweet Katrin was the same gentle, lady-like entrancer that she had ever been—to *begin* to acknowledge his love for her!

The anchorage off Canton was near at hand, at last. Macao was behind, and the main land was near by. The anchors of the Sea Gull were cleared, and hung free over the bows by the catstoppers. The cables had been duly bent on, and ample coils of chain lay along the deck, for the mooring. The boats were got ready to lower away, the light sails were unbent, the spanker had been rigged in, the foresail was hauled up, and, as she now rounded to gracefully to her mooring ground, her headway was checked, a plash was heard, and the Sea Gull rode safe at anchor in the harbor of Canton.

Old Rajah had not been on deck for ten days. As soon as he was informed that the voyage was at an end, he came valiantly up to survey the prospect around him. But he was pale and dispirited. His journey to China, he feared, would be a fruitless undertaking, so far as the recovery of his health was concerned. He gazed about at the junks and other curiosities that presented themselves near the vessel's side, and then he looked at the shores beyond. He did not fancy the appearance of things very much, and heartily wished himself safely at home once more.

But Katrin came, with smiling face and encouraging words, and his physician re assured him, now that they were near his home, where he could obtain the medicines he required, that there would be little delay in his recuperation. And, as the doctor went ashore to procure lodgings for the Indiaman's family and retinue, old Rajah shook his head, and said to George, "Meestur Hargriv, I no like dis Shinees country, no, no!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

The following anecdote is related by Audubon, the celebrated traveller and ornithologist: "A man who was once a pirate assured me, that several times, whilst at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well known key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy notes of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who conquers the wretchedness of guilt within him with the holiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without fearful fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through those plaintive notes and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence! After paying a hasty visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be the noblest work of God—an honest man. His escape was effected amid difficulties and dangers, but no danger seemed to him comparable with the danger of living in violation of human and divine laws; and he now lives in peace in the midst of his friends."

Time is the cradle of hope, and the grave of existence. It deprives beauty of its charms, while it transfers them to her picture.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

BY SIDNEY R. CHURCH.

Gaze out into the pleasant street on any pleasant day,
And mark the various changing forms that pass along the way;
Paint, if you can, the hopes and fears, the weakness, power and pride,
That dwell within the human hearts along the living tide.
Imagine, if you think you can, the varied joy and care,
That float among the passing throng, or lurk within them there.
'Twould be a study full of toil to learn them as they passed,
But full of truth, and bringing home a rich reward at last.

Just so I sat one pleasant day, and gazed into the street,
Watching the varied faces there, from out my snug retreat;
Gazing a moment on a belle who reaged her dainty face,
And minced along upon the pave with most bewitching grace.
Scanning a group of Erin's sons, or noisy chattering girls,
Or maiden ladies looking gay beneath somebody's curls—
When blandly among them all a form came sauntering by,
And claimed from me a moment's time the homage of "my eye."

He had on most a killing coat, of pattern rich and new,
With vest of gaudy, flashy shades of every varied hue;
Down o'er a yard of gay cravat, a Byron collar rolled,
And from his fob a ponderous chain which much resembled gold;
How daintily he poised his glass upon his little nose;
With what a cautious grace he stepped, to save his suffering toes;
His pants of such a pattern, too, without their like in town,
For on one leg the stripes curled up—the other twisted down.

He'd such a pretty little hand, and such a little foot,
And wore, besides a little glove, a little shoe to boot;
He carried in a gaudy purse a very little cash,
And wore upon his upper lip a little faint moustache.
It sorely troubled him at first, it grew so very white,
And being of consumptive cast, it dyed one stormy night.
Then, when in dark mysterious way to life it struggled back,
Its hue was changed, and, strange to tell, came forth a deadly black.

His little form was pinched and squeezed within his little dress,
Though small enough it grew at first, he wished for it little less,"
His little head he carried high with very little pains;
'Twas easy labor too—it held so small a stock of brains.
He mastered with a matchless grace, his chosen occupation,
'Twas one so suited to his taste, and fitted to his station;
He walked the streets to play the ape, and ape the foreign airs,
A moving sign for men of craft to advertise their wares.

Poor, foolish thing, to tax his brains, and all his wits confuse,
In fancying his puny form made for a higher use—
It surely would not be to all a very proud position,
Nor reaching more than half way up the height of their ambition.
That lofty height for which he strove in every way and shape,
A perch in all its varied forms, just suited to an ape;
On it his mind for ever dwelt, and all its fancies ran,
To win the name, by brilliant show, of very nice young man.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MILL PRIVILEGE:

—OR,—

HOW MR. TATNALL OVERREACHED HIMSELF.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In one of the new towns of Maine, some thirty years ago, lived a man named John Tatnall. He was a close-fisted, digging man, and never scrupled to make the best end of a bargain at all points within the allowance of written law. He never hesitated to make capital of other people's necessities, and any event that could put a dollar into his till was all right to him. Once a neighbor lost a fine ox just at a time when he was in the midst of fulfilling a contract for cutting down and hauling out lumber. The contract was worth a thousand dollars, and he was to forfeit one half of it if he did not have all the logs in the river before the snow melted in the spring. The loss of his best ox would ruin him if he could not make his place good. He knew that Tatnall had plenty of oxen, and he went to him, and stated his case. Now John Tatnall had a number of odd oxen which he had bought in place in a drove which he meant to drive to market; so he could have sold one ox just as well as not. But he saw his neighbor's necessity, and he meant to profit by it. He would not sell unless he could sell a pair, and not then without an enormous price. The poor lumberman begged and entreated, but it was of no avail. There was not another ox to be bought for miles and miles about, for Mr. Tatnall had bought them all up. The neighbor could not allow his work to lie still, so he paid Tatnall full double what the oxen were worth, and took them away.

Then it was that he happened to think of his odd ox. He knew 'twas better by far than either of those he had bought of Tatnall, and he drove it over to the cattle-dealer's to sell it, as he had no use for it. Tatnall offered him twenty dollars for it—just one fifth of what he had obtained for the yoke he had sold! We will not tell all the conversation and bantering that followed, but suffice it to say that Tatnall got the ox, and that in the end he made a profit of just seventy-five dollars out of his poor and hard-working neighbor.

That was the character of the man, and all his neighbors knew it. Yet he was respected, for he had money, and many people depended upon him for work, though their pittance for such work was beggarly in the extreme. Mr. Tatnall's farm was situated upon quite a large river, and he owned to a great extent on both sides of it. When he bought there he had some faint idea that at some time there would be a mill put up there, and thus greatly enhance the value of his lot, for there was quite a fall in the river where he owned, and a most excellent mill privilege was thus afforded. But he could never build the mill, for he had not the money to spare, nor had he the energy. About two years previous to the opening of our story, some men had come to examine the fall of the river, and they talked of buying and building extensive mill works. Tatnall knew that if such was done the value of all the good land about him would be advanced, and he bought up all he could, so that at the present time he owned not less than a thousand acres.

One day in early spring, just as the ice had broken up, a man called on Tatnall, and wished to examine the mill privilege. His name was Lemuel Farnsworth, and he was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, full of enterprise and integrity. Mr. Tatnall accompanied his visitor out to the river, and after examining the premises, the latter expressed himself much pleased with them.

"O," exclaimed Tatnall, "this is just about the finest privilege in the State. The water cannot fail, and you see there would be power enough to drive a dozen mills."

"I see," returned Farnsworth; but he did not express all he thought. He merely acknowledged that the privilege was good. "If I buy here," he continued, "I should want some forty or fifty acres of land to go with the water lot, for I should want lumber enough to put up all my buildings, and some besides, of my own, to commence work on."

"You can have all you want," was Tatnall's reply; and shortly afterwards they returned to the house.

"Now what is your price," asked Farnsworth, after he had declined to take a glass of rum which had been poured out for him.

"Well," returned Tatnall, thoughtfully, "I haven't thought much of selling, for I have had some idea of putting up a mill there myself."

This was a falsehood; but then Tatnall said such things as naturally as a child laughs when it is pleased.

"But you will sell, I suppose?"

"O, yes."

"Then what would be your price?"

"You mean for the mill privilege and the fifty acres of woodland?"

"Yes."

"Well—the water lot is valuable, and we all know that the land is excellent, and then the lumber on it is of the first quality."

"I have seen all that, sir. Now for your price."

"Well, I have thought that if some one would put up a mill there I would sell the privilege, with land enough for a garden and the necessary buildings—say, about six acres—for a thousand dollars. And then if you wanted the fifty acres, I should say about seven hundred dollars more."

"But, my dear sir," uttered Farnsworth, in surprise, "do you consider how this mill will enhance the value of your other property? We mean to put up, not only a saw-mill, but also a good grist mill and a carding and clothing mill; so that we can saw the lumber, grind the grain, card the wool, and dress all the cloth, for people who may come and settle here."

"Then you mean to do all this?" said Tatnall, really surprised, but without showing it.

"Yes, sir."

Now Tatnall knew that this would be a vast benefit to him. The nearest mill was now six miles off, and even that was a poor, flimsy concern, built upon a small brook that was dry nearly half the year. From this circumstance people had not settled down upon the rich lands by the river, and the huge trees yet stood upon the finest alluvial soil in that section of the country. Such an establishment Mr. Tatnall at once saw would draw quite a village together in a few years, and thus his land would make him independently wealthy. But he believed he had the power all in his own hands, and he meant to use it.

"I cannot take a cent less," he said, after a few moments' thought. "To be sure, the establishment you speak of will be a benefit to me, but that is no reason why I should sacrifice now. It will also be a benefit to you for which you can well afford to pay. If you will take the whole for seventeen hundred dollars you can have it."

"Well," said Mr. Farnsworth, "I have a partner engaged with me in this business, and I must see him first. I will explain the case to him, and next day after to-morrow I will see you again."

Mr. Farnsworth left, and when Tatnall found himself alone, he began to meditate upon the plan he had thus entered upon.

"If these two men have got their minds settled upon this mill," he said to himself, "they wont stop at trifles. Of course they've got money enough, or else they wouldn't be going into any such extensive business. *I'll feel of 'em!*"

Mr. Tatnall said this with a sort of chuckle, and he clasped his hard fists together just as though he had a helpless man within his grasp.

At the appointed time Mr. Farnsworth returned, and with him came his partner, a man of about the same age with himself, named Ridgley. They went out and looked the place all over, and at length they concluded they would pay the seventeen hundred dollars. It was a heavy sum—much more than the property was worth, but they had set their hearts upon building the mill in that section, and they wished not to give it up.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Tatnall, with a bland smile, after their offer had been made, "that price was not a fixed one; that was only a sum named two days ago for acceptance or rejection then. I gave no claim or refusal. I cannot sell for that now."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Mr. Farnsworth.

"I am, most assuredly."

"And for what will you sell now?"

"You may have the whole for twenty-two hundred dollars."

"But, sir," uttered Ridgley, "that is monstrous. "The mills may not return us a cent for years. Why, sir, for six years, at least, you will make more by the mills than we shall."

"That is looking farther ahead than is needed," replied Tatnall; "the property is worth what I have asked."

"But you will take off something?"

"No, sir."

"You will say two thousand?"

"Not a cent less than twenty-two hundred."

Both the young men saw that Tatnall was trying to overreach them, but they did not give vent to their feelings for they wanted the mill privilege much. They had examined the nature of the land up and down the river, and they had found that for many miles it was a rich, deep intervale, and that such works as they meant to put up would surely make a large village there in a few years. And then the circumjacent upland was good, being beautifully divided into undulating tracts, and bearing a heavy growth of oak and maple. But they were not prepared to pay a sum which they knew was only forced upon them through their necessity. Many a man would have almost given them the mill privilege in consideration of the benefit that would thereby accrue to the other property. The two young men pointed out to Mr. Tatnall all this; they told him they were going to embark their little all in the enterprise, and that they should have nearly all their money paid out if they gave him such a price for his property. But he cared not for that.

The result of the conference was, that the young men wanted a week in which to consider upon the matter, and make up their minds.

"Very well," said Tatnall, "you can take as long as you like."

"But you will not rise on your price again?" added Farnsworth.

"Don't know about that," was the response. "The offer I have just made is only open for to-day."

The two partners conversed together in a whisper, and for a few moments they had a mind to accept Tatnall's last offer. They saw that they were completely in his power, and they had read enough of his character to be assured that he would rob them of every penny they had if he could do so under cover of law. But the mill privilege would be valuable to them—very valuable—and of this Farnsworth spoke.

"I know it," returned Ridgley, "but you must remember that it is our energy and perseverance that will make it valuable. Let us think awhile."

So they went away, and left the matter for settlement in one week. Mr. Tatnall rubbed his hands when they were gone, for he felt sure they would come back, and he had made up his mind that he would have just twenty five hundred dollars for the lot he was to sell!

On the next day the two partners took a stroll down the river, and at the distance of seven miles from Tatnall's place, they came to a point where a sort of bayou, or inlet, made up into the shore. From curiosity they followed this up, and found it to run in only about twenty rods, and then turn and extend down some quarter of a mile, almost parallel with the river, and there it ended in a deep, wide basin. Opposite this point, in the river, was a steep fall of water, but no thoughts of building a mill there had been entertained on account of the rocky, rugged nature of the shores. But this inlet seemed almost cut out by Providence for a mill. By expending one hundred dollars, at the outside, the bayou could be cut right on to the river, striking the bank about fifteen rods below the fall, and their mills could be built, and be not only free from danger from freshets, but with enormous power. In fact, the water-power could be made as extensive as was necessary. And then there were other advantages. In the first place the building spot was far superior to that of Tatnall's, and then it left a splendid growth of intervale pine above, which could be easily cut and run down.

As soon as the two young men had fully realized the splendid nature of the discovery they had made, they fairly danced with joy. They set off at once to find the owner, and they found him to be a Mr. Simon Winthrop, a poor, honest man, and the very one whom Mr. Tatnall had imposed upon in the ox trade. Winthrop owned enough land on the river, and the circumjacent upland, for quite a township. It had been left him by an uncle, and he had moved on to it, cleared a small farm, and had begun now to make quite a comfortable living by getting off the timber, though he had not yet got off a thousandth part of it.

The two partners found him in his house that very evening, and they commenced by informing him of the trials they had had with Mr. Tatnall. Winthrop smiled as they finished their account, and for the amusement of the thing he related the story of his ox trade. The millwrights were very soon assured that they had an honorable man to deal with now, and they frankly told him of the remarkable discovery they had made, and at the same time explained to him that the mill privilege upon his land was worth more than double that of Tatnall's. And then they asked him how he would sell the water-power and a goodly piece of land. He first wished to know all their plans, and they freely told him, for they knew that he was not the man to attempt to overreach them. They told him of the saw-mill, the grist mill, the clothing-mill, and that they should probably put up a store, if people enough moved in to support one.

"Now, how much money have you got?" asked Winthrop. "That is—how much can you raise to put into this place?"

"We can raise just eight thousand dollars," replied Farnsworth.

Simon Winthrop got up and walked across the floor several times, and then he came and sat down again.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you will put up a good mill, and saw my lumber well, and at fair prices, I will freely give you the mill privilege, and for what land you take you shall pay me somewhere near what the lumber is worth on it. But I have another offer to make you. My old uncle was one of those who went into this land business a few years ago, and when he died he gave me all the land he owned here. It is very valuable land, though so far I have only gained a bare livelihood on it. I have between two and three thousand acres all told—my lot joining Tatnall's above here, and running down four miles below here. Now what do you say to making me the third man in your party? You put your own energies, and knowledge, and money, with my stout hands and broad lands. We shall all share alike, whether in fields, mills, or stores. What think you?"

"We must think of that," uttered both the young men at a breath.

"So do. But remember the mill privilege is yours if you want it, and will put up a mill on it without cost, provided my other offer does not suit you."

The two men went away about nine o'clock, but they felt sure they should take up with the last offer, though upon a thing of such extent they wanted time to reflect.

On the next morning, early, Mr. Tatnall was at Winthrop's door. He wanted to buy a large lot of intervale woodland, which lay next to his own on the river. But Mr. Winthrop would listen to nothing of the kind. Mr. Tatnall hung on, for he felt sure of the mill's being built upon his land, and he wanted all the neighboring lumber. He swore at Winthrop for his "obstinacy," but the latter only laughed.

That afternoon Messrs. Farnsworth and Ridgley called upon Tatnall, and informed him that they had concluded not to buy of him.

"Very well, gentlemen," coolly returned he, for he thought they were only trying to bring him down.

"So they both turned to leave, and as they bade him "good-by," Mr. Tatnall turned pale. He began to think they were in earnest.

"Stop, stop," he cried, "are you really in earnest? Aint you going to put up the mills?"

"Not here, sir."

"But—but— Don't be in a hurry. Perhaps we can— Come in, come in. Let's talk the matter over."

"There is no need," answered Farnsworth, "for we have made up our minds."

"But perhaps I might take up with your offer of two thousand."

"No, sir."

"But hold on a moment. I declare, rather than have the thing blow over now, I would come back to my old offer of seventeen hundred dollars."

"No, sir. It's no use, for we don't want your land."

"But the mill privilege?"

"Nor do we want that either."

"But," cried Tatnall, in a frenzy of alarm, "let the land go, and take the water-privilege, and give me what you like for it; only put up a good mill there, even if you—you—take it for—for—nothing!"

"You are too late, sir," returned Farnsworth, with a look and tone of contempt. "Had you at first acted the part of a man you would have not only got a good round price for your water-privilege and your land, which we wanted, but your other property would have been enhanced in value one hundred per cent. You thought we were in your power, and you would overreach us, but you will find in the end that this time, at least, you have *overreached yourself!*"

John Tatnall shrank away into his house, and he had a bitter pill to suck upon.

The two young men returned to Simon Winthrop's house and informed him that they should accept his offer. So papers were at once made out, and "Messrs. Farnsworth, Ridgley & Winthrop" commenced business in good earnest. The saw-mill was commenced upon immediately, and at the same time men were set at work cutting out the canal. No less than eighty men were thus employed, and the "store" was built at once. The greater part of these men took pay for their work in land, reserving only enough of the timber on it for their own building purposes, and by the next summer those of them who had families moved them in. The grist-mill was put up in due time, and by the second autumn quite a village of snug, warm log huts had gone up. After this the colony flourished and grew. Great numbers of hands were employed during the winter in felling lumber, and when it was sawed it could be rafted and run out to sea by the high tides of the spring and fall. Those who came to cut lumber saw the nature of the soil when the snow was gone, and they took up lots for farms.

At the end of eight years the wilderness was changed into a village, and Messrs. Farnsworth Ridgley & Winthrop were wealthy and respected. A flourishing village had grown up about them, all upon their own land—their three mills were in full operation—their store did good business, and their land was continually yielding them immense profits. A school-house had been put up for three years, and that fall saw the finishing touch put upon a hand-some church.

And where was John Tatnall all this while? He still lived upon his farm, seven miles up the river, and he had grown poor in flesh almost to a skeleton. His power of pinching his neighbors was gone, for no one now was obliged to do business with him. He saw that village grow up, and he saw poor, honest Winthrop become wealthy and respected—and he knew that all this might have been upon his own land if he had been an honest, honorable man. But 'twas too late now. He could only look upon his own wilderness, and then upon the smiling lands of his neighbor, and the canker ate into his soul and made him miserable. In time the settlement extended up the river, and the stout trees upon John Tatnall's land began to give place to houses, and barns, and farms; but John Tatnall did not live to see it rue to profit by it. His chagrin and envy had killed him; and in the last hour the man who had all his lifetime made it a rule of practice to overreach all with whom he had dealings, was himself overreached by that power against which no art of earth can prevail.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

That which I have often blamed as an indiscreet and dangerous practice in many fathers is, to be very indulgent to their children whilst they are little, and as they come to ripe years to lay great restraint upon them, and live with great reserve towards them; which usually produces an illunderstanding between father and son, which cannot but be of bad consequence. And I think fathers would generally do better, as the sons grow up, to take them into a nearer familiarity, and live with them with as much freedom of friendship as their age and temper will allow. *Locke.*

THE VINTAGE IN HUNGARY.

At length the anxiously looked for day arrives, and long before dawn, a general emigration from the town takes place. Vehicles of every description, laden with vats, casks and noisy children, jolt over the rough stone pavements, their rattle informing us that the campaign against the myriads of ellin spirits in every bunch of grapes has commenced. The horses one and all send forth their full contingent, armed with baskets and provisions to swell the number of combatants. At sunrise, an endless caravan, loud with laughing voices, overflows the mountains, leaving a wave of the mighty tide at every opening in the hedges; the meander dashing on and on, till at last hill and dale are deluged with busy collectors. The divers streams receive a considerable influx from the mountaineers, who, owing to their elevated position, have no vine gardens of their own, and at this juncture, all the women and girls pour down to offer their labor for a few pence daily and their food. Wrapped from head to foot in a large white sheet, they form a striking contrast to the towns people dressed in their gaudy colored apparel. In this way the vintage is heralded in, the sky spreading bright and blue over the rich hilly landscape that reverberates with the merry sounds of the vintagers; a tinge of the first breath of autumn adding new charms to the luxurious and picturesque scenery. The moment a party enters a vineyard, there is a general rush upon the grapes, amidst shouts and huzzas, and the luscious fruit, peeping in dark blue clusters from out the indented leaves, is culled with childish glee and excitement. And not until a fair quantity has been consumed does the joyous task really commence. Grape picking is the especial business of the women and children, who cut off the bunches with a knife, collecting them in wooden vessels, and laying aside the finest for winter use. A number of men are employed in carrying the grapes in hutte to a vat near to the hut, where other men are engaged in bruising them with pronged poles, and loading the wagons with the mush to be carried off to the pressing houses. Wandering gipsy musicians tarry round the vintagers, rendering the scene still more animated by their lively performance. They are plentifully rewarded with grapes, which their wives and children gather in their baskets. Neither do the beggars neglect the favorable opportunity, being well aware that men are in general inclined to be charitable when surrounded by plenty; and accordingly take up their position where the several roads meet, and chant in plaintive accents some holy song to awaken sympathy in the hearts of the passers by. The stranger strolling over the mountains during this protracted festival, will be invited to enter the vineyards, and partake of the aromatic muscadine or the high flavored rosebud grape; or if it is noon, to join in the dinner of the vintagers, spread upon the grass in goodly dishes, containing mutton baked in millet, and roasted pork with *Sour Kraut*. At nightfall the mountains glow with countless bonfires and sky-rockets, and various fire-works sparkle and explode in company with the boisterous jokes of the groups encamped around the blazing fires. Thus the night is spent alternately with music, dance and story-telling, until the following morning brings back the joys and labors of the past day.—*Rural Gleanings from Eastern Europe.*

ANECDOTE OF DUDLEY MARVIN.

We have read and heard many anecdotes of this distinguished gentleman, who is well known in this section. The following, which we have often heard repeated, we have never seen in print. Perhaps it is not worth publishing, but the reader can judge for himself:

Some years since, before the facilities for travelling were quite as good as at present,—when the lawyers were obliged to fill a huge pair of saddle-bags with "dry goods," and travel many weary miles on horseback to the "scene of active operations,"—Mr. M. came to Ellisonville, in a real "muddy time" to attend court. He put up at the "Irvin," and gave the horse in charge of the "honest hostler," who happened to be a keen emigrant from the Emerald Isle. Mr. M., by way of amusing himself a little, told Pat, in addition to feeding and "cleaning off" the nag, that he must "talk to him." Pat started for the barn, and had proceeded but a few steps, when he was loudly called by Mr. M., who again asked him if he would be sure to *talk* to the horse. Pat briefly and immediately informed him that his request should be attended to, and made his way for the barn.

Court proceeded, and was not brought to a close till several days afterwards. When it finally terminated, the reckoning was paid, and the horse ordered to be brought to the door. Pat led him out, saddled and bridled, and held him in readiness for his owner. He at length appeared at the door, and when ready to mount, asked Pat if he had *talked* to the horse.

"Certainly, I did; just as your honor told me to!"

"Well, Pat, did the horse say anything to you?"

"In course he did!"

"Let's know what the conversation was?"

"Why—he—he—told me, that I had cared for him so well, his master'd give me a dollar when he came to lave!"

The crowd about set up a loud hurrah, while "Old Dick" "shelled out" a couple of halves to Pat, and the next moment was on his way home.—*Cattaraugus Sachem.*

THE CORPORAL.

During the American Revolution, an officer, not habited in the military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small redoubt. The commander of a little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

The officer before spoken of, stopped his horse when he arrived at the place, and seeing the timber scarcely moved, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the authority of an emperor, said:

"Sir, I am a corporal."

"You are not, though, are you?" said the officer. "I was not aware of it," and taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Upon this he dismounted from his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority:

"Mr. Corporal Commander," he said, "when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander in Chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck—for it was WASHINGTON!—*Revolutionary Anecdotes.*

SECRETS OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

I LOVE THEE.

BY ROSWELL TORREY.

I've loved thee in sunshine,
I'll love thee in sorrow,
I've loved thee to-day,
I shall love thee to-morrow.

Never shall sun rise
In glorious light,
Nor sink in the west,
At the coming of night.

Ne'er shall come spring time
With buds and with flowers;
Nor summer in splendor
Light up the long hours.

Nor autumn in rich robes
Adorn the wild woods,
Nor winter in ice chains,
Encircle the floods.

But the sun and the seasons,
The night and the day,
Shall witness, I love thee,
For ever and aye!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THRICE MARRIED—ONCE HAPPY.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

In two or three instances I have desired to change my situation from being a book-keeper to one of the "firm." I remember when I was first inducted into my desk, there was a very lovely young lady who opened an account at our store, who was the daughter of a rich man; but yet she was distinguished for the affability of her manners, and the pleasantry of her conversation with all with whom she traded. She seemed to know at a glance what articles would suit her, and could direct with great accuracy from a large pile of goods the very piece her fancy selected; this early made her "popular" among the clerks, who were accustomed to undecided, fastidious customers, who would turn and twist and pull the threads, and carry the articles to another light, and, after all, ask "only for a pattern to carry home." Not so with Miss Mixter. I distinctly remember when she first came to my desk to ask for a memorandum book, wherein all the varieties she purchased might be catalogued. With a mild, bland voice, she informed me that her father met his payments quarterly, when his dividends and rents became due,—that she had spoken to the firm, and they expressed a perfect willingness to open an account, and, that there need be no discrepancies between us, she proposed, upon purchasing, every article should be inserted in her memorandum by myself, the book-keeper; for, added she, "my father is a very methodical man, who wishes everything done in a business-like manner." A dozen young ladies had that very morning expressed similar requests, yet no one made such an impression upon me as Miss Mixter.

I could not proceed with my daily work until I inquired her history. It was soon told me that her father was president of an insurance company, director of a railroad, besides being owner of several valuable stores, the income of which, divided and subdivided, left a large estate to each of his children. In about a week from my first interview, I was favored with another from the same young lady. She grew more and more charming. There was no boldness of manner, no words exchanged irrelevant to our business transactions, yet I felt as if I had been acquainted with her a year. I used to ponder over the meetings and wonder why they impressed me so. It was curious to note that I always made the entries in her memorandum in a fair, legible hand, the very best specimen I could give. When our new goods arrived, we always hoped Miss Mixter would soon see them; but we well knew no urgency on our part ever caused her to take a single article she did not wish, and we admired her firmness and marked independence.

In the course of three or four weeks, as I was hurrying up Washington Street, whom should I spy coming toward me but Miss Mixter. My pulse fluttered, and I had thought, as she probably would not recognize me, it was advisable that I should cross over on the other side; but omnibuses obstructed the street, and as I stood waiting, the young lady came up and uttered a "good morning, sir," with one of those sweet, gracious smiles, that in my fancy I still behold.

Well, I thought of that recognition all day;—yes, I went to sleep to dream about it, and when I awoke, and sober reason demanded of me why such thoughts gained a lodgment in my brain? It was only a good natured act,—a spontaneous expression from a heart overflowing with kindness; she was an heiress,—her father had very likely assigned her to some young man whose father was a millionaire; she moved in high circles, and I was only a humble book-keeper, at a salary of eight hundred dollars, with no money in the locker, and no pretensions to think of such a lovely creature. I had nothing but a fair character, and then I did wish, for the first time, that I was one of the firm. Heaven knows, such a wish would never have been cherished but for this purpose; it seemed it might furnish a passport to a more intimate acquaintance with her who so filled my ideal of all that was lovely. I fancied there was something in the position of being in trade for one's self, which gave a dignity, an air of consequence, which no subordinate capacity could reach. I thought the father of Miss Mixter would so regard it, and if ever I wished for capital enough to be included in the "company," it was then. I say it was only to carry this purpose that I desired such a situation, for to one who was conversant with so many more notes which were made payable rather than receivable,—to so many subterfuges to preserve the credit of "our firm,"—to such a long catalogue which I had just condemned to the pages of profit and loss; such heavy importations at high cost, which were marked down at less than the original price, on account of changes in fashion; to chronicle the announcement of failures to whom there was a heavy indebtedness;—I add, whatever midnight vigils I might have kept in making up my "trial balances,"—whatever anxiety had corroded my peace that I might discover an error in the cash account,—all these I had borne with patience, never before coveting the name of being styled as one of "the firm."

Time passed on, and our three months' bill from Miss Mixter became due, when her father came in and settled the account. He was not what one would term a very approachable gentleman. He looked over the account with a keen eye, and remarking, "I suppose this is all right, sir," proceeded to count out the specie, while I receipted the bill. Just, however, as he was folding the paper, he remarked to one of my employers:

"If you please, my daughter will now open another account with you, sir. She finds you conduct your business with such accuracy, and your clerks and book-keeper are so obliging, that whatever she may find in your line of business, it suits her pleasure to take it here. My daughter indulges in no superfluities. I can safely trust her to select what she chooses. I perceive the larger part of the articles for which I have just settled were to aid the needy, or those whom the world supposes to be comfortably off; her heart is very much with the destitute. Your pay will be prompt, sir. Good morning."

Didn't I wish myself one of the firm just then? But a book-keeper often has his sympathies enlisted. He knows a few heart histories which only one in his position is allowed to know. Mrs. Tenpenny was an elegant, showy and agreeable lady. She had a large account, which remained undischarged, and she was so agreeable that we never could approach her with a dun. She knew her liabilities, and she had two daughters, very accomplished, ladylike young girls, and they moved in gay circles, and attended fashionable parties, and new satins, and tissues, and lisses, and laces, and embroideries were often needed, and at length I was peremptorily requested to demand a settlement of that bill. I wished Mr. Tenpenny had been such a man as Mr. Mixter, but he was unlike him as the two daughters were unlike Miss Arabella Mixter. Nevertheless, the disagreeable office must be done. I was appointed collector. At first, I enclosed the bill, politely requesting a settlement immediately, as we were in a pecuniary crisis which made the demand necessary. No answer was returned! We wrote another note, and gave it to a collector. Mr. Tenpenny replied it was a matter between his wife and daughters and the firm; he had nothing to do with the adjustment. I was then delegated to wait on the parties at their own residence. It was a splendid dwelling, the appearance of wealth met you at every turn. The door was opened by a servant-man, who remarked that Mrs. Tenpenny was engaged with a dinner-party. We glanced into the dining-room, and saw the mother and daughter dressed in the very articles for which we had been clamoring the payment. But we modestly withdrew till the next morning, when we again made our visit. This time I was requested to walk into an ante-room.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Tenpenny, "we shall be overheard. Mr. Brittle and Captain Bush are in the adjoining apartment (they were engaged to the two young ladies); would I be kind enough to walk up stairs?"

I did so. Mrs. Tenpenny then related to me her trials.

"Mr. Combe," said she, "I am aware that my bill should be settled—it ought to have been, months ago;—but, sir my husband allows us each but two hundred dollars annually for our pin money. Mr. Combe, six hundred dollars is not enough to keep us in fashionable trim. I suppose, sir, some ladies are trusted with three times the amount."

"Yes, madam," I replied, "with ten times that sum."

Mrs. Tenpenny gained courage by such an assurance.

"Well, sir, my husband is somewhat peculiar—he wont pay bills of my contracting, and I wish to say to you that if your employers will let my account remain until after my daughters' marriages (they are both to be eligibly situated), if my account could remain, and a few more additional articles in the housekeeping line could be added for the young ladies, I have an expectancy in the decease of my father, which will put your claim at rest at once. It shall be the first remittance from my portion, sir."

"Is your father ill, madam?"

"No, sir; but he is quite aged, and, according to the common course of nature, cannot survive long. He is upwards of sixty-five, sir. It would greatly oblige me if such an adjustment can take place."

I promised to make the proposal, but the firm laughed at such a novel procedure, and refused further credit, and I was sent again to carry the message. One of the young ladies appeared to negotiate. She was so mild and chatty that I dreaded to deliver my errand, and asked for her mother.

"I am deputed to receive your reply from Foublon & Favran. Are mama's terms accepted, sir?"

"They are not, but utterly rejected."

Little Miss wiped a tear away, and heaved a deep sign. Her remarks startled me.

"I wish, Mr. Combe, I could do something for a living. You perceive we have the display of wealth, but, sir, it is all an empty show to me. I suspect my father is really bankrupt, and is only living on my mother's future fortune. It deprives us all of independence, besides giving us a false position, so that we have no sympathy in the world, and what we would cheerfully do, we are prohibited from doing. Mr. Combe, I envy my milliner, my dress-maker, my very seamstress their independence."

Again I regretted I was not one of the firm, for I would have cancelled the debt, and trusted to that fettered, tramelled devotee to fashion to have discharged it upon her eligible marriage, for she was noble, but could not assert it by her false position. My employers urged the claim, and it was adjusted by a legal gentleman, amidst Mr. Tenpenny's oaths and imprecations. It showed me one side of human nature which was opened to a book-keeper.

I would not have betrayed this confidence, only it again brought to light some other admirable traits in Miss Mixter's character. She knew Mrs. Tenpenny and her straits. She knew of her daughters' engagements, and she felt assured, should their lovers know these facts, it might impair their future prospects. She was sure the daughters were not responsible for their mother's outlays; but she was swimming on the tide without counting its ebb. Miss Mixter's three months' account at this time was principally for housekeeping articles, and her father approved the bill.

Various were the specimens of human nature which fell under my inspection. I used to think I would change my situation for one of less wearing toil, but since that lovely young lady had commenced her account, nothing would induce me to do so, unless I could become one of the firm. Her commendation for my "accuracy" prompted me to renewed fidelity, and my salary was raised to a thousand annually. We came now to know each other quite intimately in business relations, and my benevolent impulses were engaged to pursue just such a course as I knew her generous nature would love to contemplate. My leisure hours were devoted to such enterprises as enlist young men of the highest tone of morals. I hoped to gain a reputation for more than "an accurate book-keeper." In one of my weekly rounds of charity, I encountered a poor, pale seamstress, who told me about a ministering angel.

"O," said she, "want and sorrow, and slender resources, and all earthly privations, are lost by her holy influence. If you want to see her, come here at early twilight and you will be blessed with such a vision."

How my fingers flew over dates and sums total and cash accounts that day. And how long the day seemed. And yet when the books were closed and I took my keys of the safe and put on my overcoat, I almost feared to wend my way again to the house of the seamstress. But as I did so, whom should I find but Miss Mixter, busily employed in cutting out and assorting the poor woman's work! And how affectionately she greeted me. We did not talk about the "quarterly account" here. I felt there was a respect shown even to a book-keeper of unsullied character and benevolent life, awarded by one who looked over the varied employments of mortals, and only regarded the influence of labor as it affected character. But in my assiduity to become a standard of excellence, from the selfish motive of enlisting Miss Mixter's affections, my health declined, and I was ordered by my physician to spend a few months in recreation, to regain my lost strength. Not long after my departure from the desk, I received an anonymous note, enclosing an hundred dollar bill, upon which was only written "please accept this as a reward of fidelity." It was couched in a feminine hand, and I had a right to feel happy in accepting it.

In the course of the summer, I went to a fashionable watering-place. It would not reflect great credit upon my customers, whose accounts I had kept many years, were I to note how many I met there with whom I had adjusted their bills, so that an extended credit might be given them, to show off their daughters and put them in the market among mere speculators, who were there eager to secure the best bargains; and diamonds, and India scarfs, and rich laces, and a great deal of imported finery, took wonderfully well. Full half a dozen were baited and secured for life; but which was the most deceived, time will tell. Some of those three hundred dollar scarfs remain charged to this day upon my old books; the "pin money" not coming in fast enough to give a surplus to pay for past purchases. Owing to some of these deferred payments, and other heavy accounts which remained over, the firm of Foublon & Favran became bankrupt, and I lost my situation while I regained my health.

One morning, however, while at the Springs, we heard much conversation respecting a bride that was expected to arrive the next day, as the happy pair were making a wedding tour. Some ladies were discussing in what sort of costume she would probably appear.

"Likely as not," replied one, "she will wear that everlasting old pepper-and-salt riding-dress, which was made the year after her mother died."

"Very likely," retorted another, "she will appear at table in a clean starched gingham, with a quilled ruffle,—she is so old-maidish."

And so they discussed the stranger's appearance, which really led me to be on the lookout for the sight which was to greet us. All eyes were turned to the couches, as they landed the newly arrived at our fashionable quarters. At length a fair, graceful lady first alighted, with a Spanish count; then another, closely veiled, leaning upon the arm of one apparently a foreigner, and behind me ran the busy whisper, "that is she—the bride!" I heard her voice—it was enough; my head swam—my eyes became sightless—my blood curdled,—it was Miss Mixter, or, rather, Mrs —— who? I awoke to curse my fate, which made me a book-keeper, otherwise I might have been in a more enviable situation.

I did not manifest myself at table, but feigned illness in my room; but my friend, the bride, had looked at the register of arrivals, and saw the name of "Cyrus Combe, Boston," and she made no delay in sending for me to meet her in the drawing-room.

With what scrupulous care I dressed amidst my feverish anxiety and the destruction of all my future hopes, no pen can describe. And yet I had no reason to indulge such hopes. Miss Mixter had only been complaisant. I had never crossed her threshold, and had never been invited to do so,—I imagined because I was a book keeper. And I awkwardly made my way to call upon the bride whom I found sitting in a group whom she was entertaining with her pleasant, agreeable, humorous anecdotes. She was modestly attired in a silk we had sold her, and in the absence of all jewelry and every French gewgaw, she was yet the belle of the party. Everything is not conceded to dress,—but why postpone an account of that interview? Simply because we scarcely know how to describe it.

The bride at once recognized me, and with a hearty shake of the hand introduced me to her husband, as "Mr. Titus Combe, *your brother, from Canton.*" Awe-struck, dizzy, sick, astonished,—one and all of these combined,—I looked, and looked, and looked again! "Titus,"—why I never knew him, but in letters. He was early placed in a commission house; then he left for an insurance company, of which Mr. Mixter was the president, and, after becoming duly engaged to Arabella, he went to Canton, where he established himself in business, and it was only occasionally he was spoken of, as our rich brother, since my mother's death. We did not know much of his history, and as he had been absent so long we scarcely knew whether he was living or dead, and, in fact, I had but little interest in him. But was I now dreaming? Had he married one whom I so ardently and secretly loved? It did not increase my affection for him, to feel he was my rival. What was a merchant more than a book-keeper, especially one of the same flesh and blood—only he was richer?

And now what reflections crowd my thoughts. Why did not Arabella tell me of her engagement? Why was she not more affable and civil, and why was I not invited to move in the same circle as herself? I asked for no explanation, but in a fit of rage and disappointment I returned back to seek a new employment in the city I had left. The day after my return, I met Mr. Mixter. We had a long interview, and he then first recognized me as the brother of his son-in-law; "But," remarked the old man, "I have never forgotten the accuracy with which you kept my daughter's accounts. A good name is never lost, sir. As you are now out of employment by the failure of your firm, it is in my power to give you a situation in our insurance office as an accountant, at a fair salary."

It is needless to add I accepted it, and as my desk was in his apartment, we soon grew familiar. Titus had been his protege—he was all in all to him. Every arrangement was made for the reception of the wedded guests, to make them happy on their return. But one morning our porter returned from the post office, bearing a letter with a black seal. We opened it, and read thus.

"DEAR FATHER,—*Titus is dead!* I am distracted and alone, at this hotel,—come to my deliverance.

"ARABELLA."

Mr. Mixter grew frantic, and deputized me at once to bear the crushed bride to his arms. Was there ever such an unexpected mission? What were my feelings, my hopes, my fears? Was I sadly grieved at this intelligence? I would never care to narrate what thoughts passed through my mind. I was truly thankful that I had acquired such a character as book-keeper to be entrusted with a more onerous charge now. Swift as the express train could carry me, I travelled in search of my friend and sister, now the widow Combe. I repeated it over and over again—"my sister, the widow Combe." A few hours brought me to her presence. Our interview was a tender one, yet she was not violent or passionate in her grief. She sat beside her dead husband, and directed with great firmness how I should proceed, and I complied with all her requests. Poor Titus was carried to our family-tomb and placed beside our parents. His widow returned to her father, and I boarded in the house.

It is perfectly understood by my readers what were my hopes for the future; but that long veil was always worn close to the face. The young widow ate with her father, in a private room, and it was seldom, except when I was requested to carry letters to the post-office, that I saw her. One letter early attracted my attention by its superscription. It was addressed to Marcus Belmont, Esq. In the course of a week or two, another was sent to the same gentleman. Who was he? I once made bold to ask Mr. Mixter if he were a relative.

"No," he replied, "only a particular friend."

This roused my suspicion the more, and finally the aforesaid gentleman arrived among us. To cure my jealousy, and make me ashamed of it, he proved to be president of a life insurance company where Titus had secured an insurance upon his life for the sum of ten thousand dollars. The widow Combe again became my ideal of all that was interesting, only she was quite too reserved and unloving. I was acknowledged as the friend of the family, but still the intimacies of familiar intercourse were withheld.

Once I heard Mr. Mixter tell a friend that "Arabella would never marry again." I was taken ill that day. Anxiety produced a fever, and delirium followed, and it was only when I awoke to sanity the gentle nurse, Arabella, stood over me, bathing my temples. Had I really got to heaven? Strange hallucinations came over my fancy. I was weak, and spoke incoherently; but I said things I should never have dared to utter in health. Those days of convalescence were among the happiest of my life.

But a shadow came over me. Our clergyman, in one of his pleasant visits, one day asked me, "if I felt Mrs. Combe would be sadly missed by our household?" I stared wildly, when he playfully remarked, "You knew she was married yesterday, did you not?"

I knew the person discovered my utter astonishment, and would gladly have turned the subject, when I tremulously inquired, "Is it possible that I have been again deceived?" I would not have expressed myself thus for the world, only in a fit of astonishment and weakness, one is scarcely responsible for what they say. The good man very briefly informed me that the favored individual was the very same Arthur Belmont whose letters I had so often carried, and who paid the widow a visit under the ostensible errand of passing into her own hands the life insurance which my brother had effected in his office. But hark! there is a rap at my door, and the servant reaches me a letter. You shall hear its contents.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—As a separation between us will now take place, in consequence of my marriage to Arthur Belmont, Esq., you will please accept this token of my affection for the kind sympathy and affectionate aid you have rendered me in my state of desolate widowhood. It may seem singular to you that I should again marry, especially one who is my senior by many years and a long experience; but remember the human heart is moved by sympathy to love, and Mr. Belmont has proved himself a most ardent and enthusiastic lover. My dear Cyrus, there are heart histories which eternity only will reveal. The peculiar restrictions imposed on our sex forbid an acknowledgment of the state of the affections, and delicate reserve covers over many a deep flowing fountain that dares not rise to the surface. I go abroad to-morrow, leaving you convalescent, and trusting that you will prove to my father a firm and faithful support of his declining years, for which you will inherit a reward. My dear brother, may we meet again; but how, when, or where, Heaven only knows.

"Very truly, ARABELLA."

What could I infer from the above letter? Might I not have been accepted had not my timidity prevented me from proposing? How I cursed my fate, and how I clung to that diamond broach which was enclosed in the letter as a "token of affection." Henceforth all womenkind were alike to me. I shrunk into my bachelorship, lived with Mr. Mixter till he died, buried him, and went abroad.

I had wandered for nearly six months in the old countries, and finally secured my winter lodgings in Florence. From my room, I often saw an emaciated man, and, as I supposed, his daughter supporting his tottering steps.

"They are Americans," said my fellow lodger.

"What name?" inquired I, somewhat eagerly.

"Belmont, I think," replied my friend.

The next week I might have been seen supporting Arthur Belmont, but it was the last week of his existence.

Heaven shapes our destiny. I know it does, or I never should have been permitted the second time to participate in the second grief of Mrs. Belmont's widowhood. And now I indeed acted the part of a brother, and was it not a delightful shield, as a brother, to bestow such loving and affectionate regard? We were saved the miserable gossip of American society, which would have surmised that we were too early interested in each other. I knew my position, and was respectful, tender and solicitous.

For weeks I made no proposition, and yet Mrs. Belmont and myself had intuitive perceptions of regard for each other, which a varied life and curious coincidences had revealed. Indeed, we never talked the silly speeches with which an ardent passion sometimes vents itself. We were calm, devoted, and sincerely attached to each other, and when we approached the hymeneal altar in distant Italy, we covenanted to lead no selfish lives, but, acknowledging that watchful Providence which had so strangely mingled our destinies at last, we would by worthy examples encourage those who in humble stations sought to preserve unblemished characters, feeling that all employment becomes ennobling, when dignified by manly worth, and that an unblemished reputation is the surest passport to an eligible marriage connection.

SLAVERY IN JAVA.

Recently we were witnesses to a touching scene. In the market-place of Grisee, a slave family, consisting of father, mother, and eight children, from three to fourteen years of age, were to be publicly and unreservedly sold at auction. They had been the property of a deceased Dutch widow lady, who had always treated them with the greatest kindness; thus they were deeply grieved at being obliged to pass into the hands of a new master, and they gave expression to their great affliction by tears and sobs. The public crier put them up at 6000 florins. Though a crowd of people had assembled, they kept a profound silence. The crier gradually lowered his price to 2000 florins, but none would buy. Then the father of this slave family, availing himself of the privilege granted by law to slaves put up for sale at a public auction, offered himself for 1000 florins, and, at the same time, throwing himself on his knees, he besought the spectators not to make a higher bid. Not a word was spoken; a silence of a few moments ensued, and the entire family was adjudged to have been unreservedly sold to itself. It would be difficult to describe the joy experienced by these slaves, on hearing the fall of the hammer which thus gave them their liberty, and this joy was further augmented by the presents given them by numbers of the spectators, in order that they might be able to obtain a subsistence until such time as they could procure employment. These are the acts of a noble generosity that deserve to be remembered, and which, at the same time, testify that the inhabitants of Java begin to abhor the crying injustice of slavery, and are willing to entertain measures for its abolition.—*Letter from Sharalega.*

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

This most popular song was written by Samuel P. Woodworth, while yet he was a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham Streets. Near by, in Frankfort Street, was a drinking shop, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to re-ort. One afternoon the liquor was super excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draughts of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer." The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True, true," he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.—*N. Y. Paragone.*

DELAYS.—Inexperienced persons think when great plans only stand still, they must be going backwards. The truth is, however, that wise men are never in a hurry to force events. They know that patience works more wonders than activity.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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▶ *,* All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Banker's Niece," a story by MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Bruised St. Denis, or, Twelve Robbers for one Wife," a tale by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Robert de Montmerle," a tale of the Crusades, by ACSTIN C. HERRICK.

"The Spider," a sketch by WILLIAM A. KENYON.

"Mrs. Johnson's Prophecy," a story by FRANCIS M. CHESSBRO'.

"Mag Duffries, or, The Lost Child," by FRED. HUNTER.

"The Dead," a poem by M. N. DEARBORN.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Manson a Bride," "Arrendle," "The Age," and several other poems by the same writer. "Why did I love not ?" "Will you come ?" "The Night Winds," "Old Aunt Polly," "Magic of a Smile," "Deaf and Dumb Man's Lament," "The Child's Request," "Have Hope," "Song of Gratitude," and "The Old Hemlock Tree."

MUSIC.

"Music," says Martin Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline, it refines the passions, and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill which I possess in the art." Milton entertained the same views, and perhaps to his love and knowledge of music we are indebted for some of those melodies of his great poem, which remind us of the voice of some magnificent cathedral organ.

Music appears in some individuals to be the breath of their existence. At six years of age Mozart composed pieces for the harpsichord. The sensibility of Mozart's organs was excessive. When he first heard the sound of a trumpet he fell fainting to the ground. The slightest harshness or discordancy in a note gave him exquisite torture. He lived for music, and in everything else was a mere child. But a great musician must not only possess this acute sensibility, but the power to awaken it in others. During the performance of Metastasio's Artaxerxes at Rome, Pacchiarotti, the singer, while delivering a certain pathetic passage, was abandoned by the orchestra. Turning to the leader, he asked: "What are you about ?" "We are all crying, sir !" sobbed out the *chef.*

Much has been said of the jealousy of musicians; but the greatest composers, like the greatest poets, have been above that baseness. Thus Haydn and Mozart entertained a mutual respect amounting to reverence. "Mozart," said Haydn, when asked his opinion of Don Giovanni, "is the greatest composer now living. And Mozart hearing a captious German composer find fault with Haydn, said, "if you and I were both melted down together, we should not find materials for one Haydn."

Some persons have no musical ear whatever. Dr. Johnson was one of these. Some persons are even painfully affected by the acuteness of their musical sensibility. Mr. Eastcote tells us of a gentleman in whom it produced convulsions. At the representation of Dr. Arne's opera of Artaxerxes, one of the auditors fainted from excess of emotion; and Mr. Burton, a celebrated chorus-singer died, during the commencement of the overture to Handel's Esther, performed in Westminster Abbey. "At intervals he was able to speak, and but a few minutes before he breathed his last, he declared that it was the wonderful effect of the music which had thus fatally operated on him."

The blind are generally gifted with a fine ear for music—Nature being always liberal in compensations. Many of our readers have doubtless noticed this in the admirable musical performers of the Institution for the Blind. Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, the celebrated blind mathematician, possessed so delicate a sense that he could readily distinguish the fifth part of a note. Pythagoras asserted that the whole world was made according to musical proportion; while Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion that the principles of harmony pervaded the universe. From optical experiments, he deduced the fact that the primary colors, as defined by the prism, occupied spaces exactly corresponding with those intervals which constitute the octave in the division of the musical chord. Music, then, reigns around and above us, and has existed from the dawn of creation, "when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy."

THE GREENLAND SEAL FISHERY.—Thirty vessels sailed in March from the east coast of Scotland for the Greenland Seal Fishery. There are extensive preparations making for the sending out a number of whalers to Cumberland Straits, to the winter fishery, to be prosecuted in the same manner as Captain Penny prosecuted it in the winter and spring of 1854.

A ROYAL FEAST.—At the marriage of the great chief Tengi to Anna Jane, the daughter of the king of the Friendly Isles, the feasting lasted a whole week. One thousand hogs were baked whole, with a proportionate supply of turtles, sharks, ray fish, and every other fish that is caught in those waters.

MEMENTO OF NAPOLEON I.—The library of 1100 volumes, used by Napoleon at Elba, is still preserved on that island. Many of the works contain notes in the emperor's own hand.

CHEAP FAME.—In KENSAS it costs a man only fifty dollars to have a city named after him; towns and villages in proportion.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHORSHIP.

A literary life is a dangerous sort of speculation, in which ninety-nine hundredths of the adventurers fail, and yet men, dazzled by the success of a few individuals, are constantly risking their happiness and lives in it. Mr. Blank reads that Mr. Brown has made five thousand dollars by his novel—perhaps a mere bookseller's puff—and straightway he throws his law books to the deuce and abandons his legitimate calling, to "meditate the thankless muse," for Mr. Blank feels that he is a genius—he has his admirers and flatterers, and none more seductive than his own heart; and why should not he make his thousands by the pen as well as Brown, who certainly has not half his talent? Now the muse is very benignant when wooed for herself alone—but the moment she finds you expect her to pay she cuts you dead, just as Miss Gamble jilted Wykoff when she thought he was after her fortune. Sir Walter Scott said that a man might make literature his staff but not his crutch. It did well enough for an aid, but not a dependence. D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors" hangs out many a warning beacon to deter the thoughtless from running on the reefs and sand bars that environ a professional literary life. What a story that is of Myles Davies, a learned writer reduced to live by peddling his books, "by the avarice of booksellers and the stinginess of hardhearted patrons!" He feelingly narrates the rebuffs showered on the mendicant author.

"'I shall never read them,' says one of the five shilling-piece chaps. 'I have no time to look in them,' says another. "'Tis so much money lost,' says a grave Dean; 'My eyes being so bad,' says a Bishop, 'that I can scarce read at all. 'What do you want with me?' said another; 'Sir, I presented you the other day with my *Athenæ Britannicæ*, being the last part published.' 'I don't want books, take them again; I don't understand what they mean.' 'The title is very plain,' said I, 'and they are writ mostly in English.' 'I'll give you a crown for both the volumes.' 'They stand me, sir, in more than that, and 'tis for a bare subsistence I present or sell them; how shall I live?' 'I care not a farthing for that, live or die, 'tis all one to me.'"

"Even in the reign of the literary James," says D'Israeli, "great authors were reduced to a state of mendicity, and lived on alms, although their lives and their fortunes had been consumed in forming national labors."

The 19th century is less niggardly to its literary men, and yet how few are justified in making literature a profession!

SLEEP.

A writer in the New York Sunday Dispatch says: "Early to bed and early to rise," is no doubt an excellent maxim for those who can observe it in this work-a-day world. But *late* to bed and early to rise is not exactly the ticket; yet more practise this than observe the wiser maxim. Almost all workers in our large cities go to bed late and rise early, from necessity—and to lack of sufficient rest may we, in a great measure, attribute the short duration of life among this class. If they enjoy themselves at all, they must do it at the expense of health and life—they soon wear out. More than half of the illness among us is occasioned by the want of rest; and the best physician, in a majority of cases, is "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

OSSIAN'S BARDS.—Never has there been a company before the public that has received the favors of these charming singers. Their houses were nightly crowded in Philadelphia and Washington by the elite of those cities, and now they are delighting the people of Vermont and New Hampshire by their magic harmony and drollery. Hundreds are obliged to go away nearly every night for want of room, and the general verdict of the people is, Ossian's Bards this year are unequalled for harmony, ballad singing, and chasteness. Mr. J. G. Clark, the poet, is one of the Bards, and his songs are alike an honor to himself and the company.

THE OLD SCHOOL.—Governor Hancock received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen turned up over the edge of the velvet, one, two, or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers.

A BOSTON SCHOOL-HOUSE.—The new Winthop school-house, on Tremont Street, Boston, was dedicated a few days since. It is a noble, four-story edifice, and cost, including the land, and an old building laden down, the snug little sum of $89,000. "Yet no one complains—it was a cheerful expenditure," says the mayor.

LIVING HIGH.—A Mr. Godard lately made a balloon ascension at New Orleans, with a lady and one of the editors of the Daily Crescent, and when they had risen to the height of 4000 feet, the party took dinner. The Crescent says that their appetites were much sharpened by the excitement and a cold atmosphere.

COAL IN OHIO.—Ohio is estimated to contain a coal field equal in extent to 12,000 square miles, or one-third the surface of the State. The amount of coal now dug in this State is estimated at nearly 24,000,000 bushels.

DOUBTFUL.—An exchange tells an incredible story of a boy, who caught a hungry dog and tied him by the tail, then coaked him out of his skin with a piece of liver.

A FAILURE.—The Kidd treasure-seekers from Philadelphia have returned home with minute entomological specimens in their auricular orifices.

CAMPHENE.—People who are in the habit of drinking camphene by mistake, should remember that milk is an antidote.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The public schools in California have increased from 51 to 168 in number.

A *connubial* fiddle makes the best music for the *matri*-y dance.

Mrs. Hudson Kirby, from England, has made a hit at the Boston Theatre.

The last scenes of the last Congress were as quiet and interesting as usual.

The geese were none too soon in flying north last month. Spring opens well.

Strong-minded women have gone largely into the pocket-picking business.

The "Old Folks at Home," in Chelsea, have lately been giving capital concerts.

The Supreme Court have decided that the Brattle St. Society may sell their parsonage.

Cuba is bristling with Spanish bayonets, backed by British guns, to preserve her loyalty.

Passengers can go from New York to San Francisco in 22 days, via Nicaragua.

Oregon will export 1,000,000 bushels of wheat to California this year.

Jenny Lind sings only religious music now. She sings in London in April.

Rev. Sheridan Knowles is preaching, while his plays are being acted.

Tuscany talks of sending troops to help the allies whip old Nicholas.

There is a doctor in town that cures all disorders with mustard and blue pills.

"Old Spear," the comedian, came near being shot by accident in California.

Theatricals are being ruined in the Gold State by the odious starring system.

The factory girls in Exeter, N. H., lately struck against increased time.

A man in Nantucket caught eighty-five barrels of perch in three days, recently.

Seven fine foxes have been killed in Saugus this season. "Yoicks! tally ho!"

The California miners have been doing a good business lately. Plenty of *oro.*

The very last city in Nebraska is called Wanponsa—or "Day Dawn."

It costs twenty-three dollars a Sunday for a family to go to church in San Francisco.

The horse races on the River St. Lawrence will soon be discontinued.

THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.

The bill regulating our postal affairs passed during the last session of Congress, provides that after the commencement of the next fiscal quarter, the postage of all letters not exceeding a half ounce in weight, shall be three cents for any distance not exceeding three thousand miles; and ten cents for a greater distance. An additional rate of postage for every additional half ounce in weight, will be charged. On all letters going through or in the mail of the United States, except such as are to or from a foreign country, the postage is to be prepaid, except upon letters and packages addressed to officers of the government on official business, which are to be marked on the envelope. Drop letters, or letters placed in the office for delivery only, and not for transmission through the mail, to be charged as heretofore, one cent each, and letters that have been advertised as uncalled for, are to be charged one cent each in addition to the regular postage. Any postmaster, or other person, who sells postage stamps for a larger sum than that indicated on their face, is, upon conviction, to be fined not less than ten, nor more than five hundred dollars. In order to afford greater security to valuable letters, the postage bill authorizes the Postmaster General to establish a uniform plan for the registration of such letters, on application of the parties posting them—the payment of a registration fee of five cents required therefor—which, however, shall not be compulsory, nor render the Post-office Department liable for the loss of such letters or packets.

INFANTRY.—The term "infantry" is said to be derived from an event in Spanish history. An Infanta of Spain having assembled a body of troops, and marched to the aid of her father, by their aid defeated the Moors; the foot soldiers were in consequence held in greater estimation than before, and were distinguished by the name of the person who had thus led them on to victory.

NIAGARA.—It is said that Niagara Falls never looked more magnificently than during the early part of March, when the rocks, covered with accumulated layers of frozen spray, resembled the icebergs of the Arctic regions, and the tall columns of ice formed beneath the falls had the appearance of enormous stalagmites rising from the water.

RAILROAD IRON WORKS.—There are, it appears, three iron mills in Virginia, engaged in the manufacture of railroad iron, and it is estimated they will produce this year 15,000 tons of iron. In Pennsylvania there are nine, which will produce about 98,000 tons, and in Maryland one, which will turn out 12,000 tons.

GOOD.—Imports of French goods to the United States, in 1854, fell 12,197 packages short of imports for 1853, showing a decline of some twenty-four per cent. Of this decrease, 5321 packages were silks.

A LOVELY PLACE.—In the counties of Sonora and San Francisco, California, five hundred murders have been committed in the last five years, and only three murderers have been hung under judicial sentences.

ARTISTIC.—A statue is about to be erected in the island of Martinique, her native place, to the Empress Josephine. Louis Napoleon has contributed largely towards it.

BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn, New York, contains 300,000 inhabitants now. Small frame houses, three miles from the ferry, command a rent of three hundred dollars.

DOESTICKS.—Some of our exchange papers don't think "Doesticks" funny. We do. Some people can't take a joke if it's shot out of a gun.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Battle of Marengo," an historical sketch by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"The Poisoned Draught," a story by GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

"Meeting at the Fountain," a tale by MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Retrenchment," a domestic sketch by MRS. H. WELLMONT.

"Forever Thine," verses by MRS. E. B. WOODLEY.

"Live not to thyself alone," stanzas by EDGAR JOHNSON.

"Hells," verses by SARAH J. C. WHITTLEMY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give this week an artistic and accurate representation of Jenia Dean, (Mrs. Hayter, in the character of Norma, the Gaelic Priestess, in Sargent's new Play, "The Priestess."

A series of characteristic engravings of the hands and feet, giving a symbolic representation of various attitudes and manifestations.

A group of nine pictures, describing scenery and localities in Western Massachusetts, in the towns of Hadley, Sunderland and North Adams.

Portrait of Lucius Manlius Sargent, long and well known in the literary circles of Boston, and all over the world, as a leading actor in the temperance movement.

A sleighing scene on Boston Neck.

View of Chicago, Illinois.

Also a view of Charleston, South Carolina.

A whole page engraving, giving a view of Jerusalem as it appears at present.

▲*,* The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

General Castilla has abolished slavery in Peru.

Count Polignac, last brother of Charles X.'s minister, is dead.

More than 30,000 persons returned from America to England during 1854.

It is rumored that Prince Napoleon is about to marry a Princess of Wurtemburg.

Great Britain has 5444 artists; 524 authors; 1320 editors, and 207 reporters.

A piece of land was recently sold in London at the rate of two million dollars an acre.

There are seventy-one religious orders in the Sardinian States, with a property estimated at $9,000,000.

Miss Martineau, the eminent English authoress, was, according to the papers brought by the Canada, liable to die at any moment, from enlargement of the heart.

The French authorities intend erecting in Constantinople steam-mills, and a baking establishment, with twenty ovens, which will be able to supply 30,000 rations of bread a day.

The Russian major who was taken prisoner, in the act of stabbing the wounded, at the battle of Inkermann, disappointed public vengeance by dying of his wounds in the hospital at Kulalee.

Sir Edward Blakely, after some twenty years' service, retires from the command of the army in Ireland. He is to be succeeded in his high office by General Lord Seaton, colonel of the 24 Life Guards, and better known to the military world as Sir John Colborne.

The British army estimates for the current year are published. The total British army, including all foreign auxiliaries, except those in India, is 194,000 men. Expenses, £13,500,000 sterling. Last year they only cost £7,000,000. An increase of 36,000 men is proposed.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Let the suspecting always be suspected.

Fame has, like the Hebrew verb, no present tense.

How often laws have created the evil, which they are afterwards supported to check!

One's moral qualities are much sooner discovered by one of the other sex, than by one of the same.

The purest metal is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunder-bolt from the darkest storm.

How many sensible men of thirty there are in the world, who have not yet discovered that they are not men of genius.

When a man argues from a definition, or builds a discussion upon a term, you may set him down as a mechanical thinker.

The human heart is made for love, as the household hearth for fire; and for truth, as the household lamp is for light.

The distance of memory alone can change the drops of time through which we swim into the rainbow of enjoyment.

It is singular that Pope should, in his translations, be the most diffuse of poets, and in his original compositions the most concise.

The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.

The Hebrew, which is the easiest of languages, is commonly said to be called such; I suppose because one has to go backward, in reading it.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.

Frankness is not rashness, nor vehemence. It is not petulant or dictatorial. It is as modest as it is undisguised. Yet it dares to lift the veil and show unpleasant truths.

Joker's Budget.

The man who was in "ship shape" must have looked a little out of proportion.

Excessively polite ladies shake hands with the tips of their fingers.

If five and a half yards make a perch, how many will make a cat fish?

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

Why are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Because they are the bearers of idle tails.

A manufacturer of parasols says that "the height of impudence" is taking shelter in an umbrella store during a thunder-storm.

They talk of having another revolution in Lower California. The liberators already boast of eighteen men, and three jack-knives.

A genius out in Iowa has just invented a wooden horse that will jump thirty miles an hour. The motive power is a bag of fleas. Who says this is not an age of progress?

The Washington Continentals of Schenectady have offered their services to the Mayor, to protect the city against the next freshet. The officers are to be armed with four mops and a slop-pail.

Hard times produce one good thing. They check gossiping. Mrs. Clacker has only "had company once since last summer." The consequence is, that the neighbors' characters now stand higher than they have done for the last five years.

To get rid of company Mrs. Smith resorts to an original idea. The moment they get seated, she passes around a bowl of half made lemonade. The effect of this is an early attack of "pain in the side," and an intense desire to reach home and the paregoric bottle. Ingenious woman, that Mrs. Smith.

Quill and Scissors.

The King of Prussia, dreadfully annoyed at the satirical hits against him in Punch, is said to contemplate issuing an ordinance sternly forbidding its circulation in, or even admission into, his dominions. Louis Napoleon tried the same game, but without effect, as Punch still found its way into France.

The widow of Mr. William Horn, fireman, who was killed at the junction of the Newcastle (Del.) railroad in August last, prosecuted the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad for damages, and at the request of the parties the court ordered an arbitration, which awarded her $5000.

Ex-Senator J. Clemens has fallen heir to a respectable sum of over thirty thousand dollars, in the recent passage of a land claim to certain Alabamians by Congress, being the amount agreed upon for his services in the event of the measure succeeding.

Robert Mills, Esq., known throughout the country as an architect of great merit, died lately at his residence, on Capitol Hill, Washington. The Treasury Department, Post Office, Patent Office buildings, and the Washington National Monument, attest his skill.

A person, supposed to have been the murderer of Mrs. Sconce, of Nantucket, some two months since, has been arrested—a $50 bill, known to have been in the house at the time, being found upon him.

The Salem Gazette records the death, on the 4th inst., of Rev. James Flint, D. D., of that city, in his 76th year. Dr. Flint was a native of Reading, and graduated at Harvard, in the class of 1802.

Edmund Hervey, of Willimantic, Ct., while chopping, lately, instead of splitting the wood, split off about an inch of his foot, from the inside of the little toe six inches towards the heel.

U. S. brig Perry, now lying at the Gosport navy yard, has been ordered to be put immediately in commission. She is to join the African squadron with as little delay as possible.

Shaksperare has given a name and a subject to a new opera now being played at La Scala, in Milan. It gives some of the leading incidents of Shakspeare's life. M. Cotti is the composer.

The most remarkable fountain in the world is that of Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, which plays to the height of 267 feet—as high as Trinity steeple.

Mrs. Emma R. Coe has made such progress as a student at law in Philadelphia, that she already delivers public lectures on the legal position of women.

William N. Cleveland informs the Hartford Times that he made, in a cheese press, from a bushel of native white grapes, three gallons of wine.

Mr. Billings, of Beardstown, Ill., is now putting up 5000 bbls. of patent covered hams, which are to be shipped in the spring for California.

The St. Petersburg journals, writing of the English army before Sebastopol, call winter "an auxiliary sent by God himself."

There are 5483 travelling preachers in the several Methodist Conferences in the United States, and 42 died during the past year.

It is estimated that twenty-five millions of passages are made annually, across the Brooklyn ferries.

The number of light-houses on all our Atlantic and Gulf, Lake and Pacific coast, is four hundred and sixty-three.

The tax-book of California shows the taxable property of the State to amount to 114,000,000 dollars.

Hickory nut oil, considered equal to the best lard or sperm oil for burning and machinery, is now manufactured at Dayton, Ohio.

Wesley said that "ten thousand cares were no more weight to his mind, than ten thousand hairs were to his head."

Steps are being taken at Albany, N. Y., to have a national horse show at Utica, N. Y., this spring.

Out of 1397 dry measures examined in New York, only 317 were correct.

In the United States there are 36,000 paupers; in Great Britain, 904,600.

The German emigration for the year 1854 was double that of Ireland.

The cars on the Panama Railroad are made of bamboo cane.

The Piscataqua bridge, destroyed by the late storm, was built in 1796.

The taking of the last English census involved the recording of one hundred million of facts.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. Henry Walters to Miss Maria C. Husk.

By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. James Clark to Miss Maria C. Husk.

By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Charles F. Moody to Miss Elvira C. Pope.

By Rev. Dr. Beecher, Mr. Charles H. Wingate to Miss Sarah C. Hayward.

By Rev. A. L. Stone, Captain Andrew A. Ward to Miss Lucy Ann Lakeman.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Hon. Samuel Butterfield to Miss Ann Maria Abbott.

At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Holland, Mr. George McNall to Miss Margaret J. Gilligan.

At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Samuel D. Hill to Miss Sophronia E. Coffin.

At Newton Centre by Prof Ripley, Mr. Francis Edmond to Miss Emily S. Ripley.

At Lynn, Mr. Charles A. Hall to Miss Frances Maria Homan.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Dwinell, Mr. George A. Berry to Miss Ellen L. Jackson.

At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Albert G. Abbott to Miss Annie Hoyt.

At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Thomas E. Ireson to Miss Eliza Proctor.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Moulton, Mr. John H. Sargent to Miss Elvira H. Clifford.

At Plymouth, by Elder Faunce, Mr. Preston Manter to Miss Sylvia E. Bates.

At Springfield, by Rev. F. H. Newhall, Mr. W. Griswold to Mrs. Lydia Wilson.

At Memphis, Tenn., by L. R. Richards, Esq., Mr. Oscar F. Prescott of Memphis, to Miss Mary Davis of Boston.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. George B. Thorpe, 40. Mrs. Lucy Shute, 65. Mr. Dwight Prouty, 51. Walter S. Hale, 18. Miss Hannah Neat, 83. Miss Eliza Tremere, 22. Mrs. Julia H. Marden, 35; Miss Elizabeth Everett, 27. Mrs. Elizabeth Drake, 74. Mrs. Mary W. Wilson, 25. Miss Sarah C. Ryder, 17. Miss Susan C. Norton, 15 years. Minnie Brown, daughter of Stephen B. and M. Maria Aldrich, 5 days.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Nancy Greenleaf, 70. Mr. James F. Smith, 34.

At Dorchester, Miss Lucy Sumner, 73.

At Waltham, Mrs. Harriet K., wife of Benjamin F. Allen, 35.

At Lynn, Miss Alice Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. William Johnson, 21.

At Salem, Mr. Jonathan Ashby, 85; Miss Bethiah Wardwell, 78.

At Marblehead, Mrs. Mary Dodd, wife of Mr. Thomas Dodd, 78.

At Newburyport, Mr. Paul Kopper, 89.

At New Bedford, Miss Ann Maria, daughter of Mr. Elias Duncan, 17.

At Springfield, Mr. Joshua Abbe, 40.

At Hartford, Me., on her birthday, Feb 24, Mrs. Sarah C., wife of Captain Thomas Marsh, 72.

At Templeton, Miss Adelaide, daughter of Rev. Charles Wellington, D. D. 22.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Elizabeth McLamet, 46.

At Washington, Mrs. Marchesa B., wife of Mr. Henry M. Parkhurst, 25.

At Aiken, S. C., Mr. Wm. F. Leatherlidge, of Boston, 42.

At the Ottawa Mission Station, Rev. Jotham Meeker.

At Rockford, Ill., Mr. John A., son of F. Lerow, Esq., of Boston, 29.

At sea, Charles E., son of Captain Orlen King, of Lancaster, Mass., 21.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

I'M GOING HOME TO-MORROW.

BY D. S. BARRETT.

I am going home to-morrow,
And what joyous thoughts arise,
At the hope of meeting dear ones,
Whom my heart has learned to prize.

In my mind I see the cottage,
Close beneath the mountain's brow,
And the tall, old elms before it—
I am gazing on them now.

There's the little babbling streamlet,
Winding round among the hills;
And the birds are sweetly singing—
I can hear their echoing trills.

'Tis but visionary dreaming;
Yet I would it might remain—
Ah, to-morrow 'twill be real,
For I'm going home again!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

A TALE OF BOSTON.

BY HENRY S. DOANE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I HAVE a story to tell you with a true mystic flavor—one that is incidental in its scenes and character to our own city, its events having occurred not long since in that *outre* locality, known as Bleak Alley.

Any one can tell you where Bleak Alley is—just over there on the bleakest and most disagreeable portion of that bleak and disagreeable elevation called Fort Hill. It is a narrow street situated on the water-side of the hill, and exposed to the full current of the winter blasts that sweep in from the chilly waters of Massachusetts Bay; and hence it is a place that is peculiarly favored at almost all seasons of the year, with elemental music of various kinds and gradations—among which we need pause only to mention the howling of the wind, the clatter of clap-boards, and the slamming of doors and shutters. From time immemorial, people have looked upon it as an out-of-the-way, unfavored spot, where no good waits upon the inhabitants, where poverty is always the most severe, and calamity the most disastrous—and where it were worse than folly for any man, or woman either, to look forward to a life of happiness and luxury.

But for all that, Bleak Alley was inhabited, and pretty extensively supplied with a population, too. People had been born there, lived there, and died there, without doing any particular amount of good or evil, or attracting any particular share of attention; and they had followed out the old beaten tracks that fathers had trod before them, without any desire to change their lot or residence—living as if it had been intuitively settled in their minds that it was impossible for a man to fill any station other than that to which he was born.

And Bleak Alley had its light and its shade; its sunshine and its darkness; its December and its May; its old men and its young men; its matrons and its maid—and it is of one of the latter, the belle, *par excellence* of Bleak Alley, that our story will especially treat.

But I am getting ahead of my subject. It was just at dusk of a chilly day in winter, not many years ago—but yet so far back that the writer was a boy—that a fair but pale young girl of fifteen summers passed out of one of the business thoroughfares that intersected with Bleak Alley, and walked rapidly up the latter street. As she did so, a young man who had been standing in a doorway near the corner, evidently waiting for and expecting her, stepped out in front of her, attracting her attention and arresting her steps; and a look of recognition passed between them, while a blush crimsoned the pallid cheeks and neck of the girl.

The young man could not have been far from twenty years of age. He was dressed in a suit of costly texture and fashionable make; sported a watch and chain, several finger-rings, a diamond pin, and other evidences of being the possessor of wealth. His manner and appearance was that of a man who had mingled a great deal in society, and could be judged by the usual standard of a rich young man of the world—yet he evinced the accomplishment of a gentleman, and was scrupulously polite and refined in his deportment, especially to the opposite sex.

The indications of wealth that adorned the person of the young man, formed a striking contrast with the indications of extreme poverty that were visible in the garb and appearance of the pale young girl that stood before him. She was robed in a cheap calico dress that had evidently been a long time in use, if its scantiness might be taken as a conviction that it had been made for her before her youth had merged into womanhood. The shoes upon her feet were much worn, and had originally been of a cheap and ungainly pattern. The shawl she had drawn tightly around her fragile form, was very thin, of scanty size, much worn, and insufficient for the purpose to which it was applied, for she shivered from head to foot with the cold. An old hood was upon her head, and thus, without gloves, dressed in old and tattered garments, and holding a large bundle under her arm, the pale-faced and shivering girl paused to learn the wishes of the son of pampered luxury that had crossed her path.

That the twain had met before, was evinced by their mutual salutations; and that there had been cause for distrust and dislike on the part of the maiden, was a fact that could have been easily read in the look of anxiety that flitted over her features.

"You know me, don't you, Ellen!" asked the young man, seeing that she checked her steps with evident reluctance, and looked wonderingly upon him.

"Yes, Mr. Norton, but I am in a hurry, and cannot pause to converse with you now. Some other time will do as well, if you have aught to say to me—good evening!"

She passed rapidly on; but Mr. Norton followed and detained her.

"Surely," said he, "you will not deny me the privilege of a few moments' conversation? I have waited here in the cold a long time in hopes of addressing you."

"My mother is waiting for me, and will become anxious for my safety if I am not soon at home. I have just been to the store, and am returning with some work, that I am in a great hurry to finish. But what have you to say to me, Edgar—Mr. Norton, I mean? I cannot pause here long in the cold," she added, shivering.

"Much, if you will but listen," replied the young man, walking along by her side. "I would tell you that the love hitherto expressed for you has increased every day and hour since last we met, and that I have found it impossible to obey the commands you laid upon me, not to see you again."

"Well, and now that we have met—!"

"I desire to renew my protestations of love, and assure you that I am more desirous than ever of making you mine!"

"By marriage?" asked Ellen, quickly, and with features half convulsed with anxiety and excitement, as she paused and looked earnestly up into her companion's face.

"No!" she added, as he hesitated, and the blood receded from her features, leaving them pale and rigid as marble, and, weak and heart-sick, she leaned against the tempter for support. "Honorable marriage is not in your proposition, nor in your heart; and yet you will speak to me of love!"

The poor girl burst into a passionate flood of tears, and fearing that her agitation might attract attention from the passers-by, Mr. Norton conducted her into a side alley where there were few or none to observe them, and commenced making apologies and expressing considerations—but the maiden would not hear him.

"No, Mr. Norton," she continued, as soon as she could command her emotion, releasing herself from his grasp. "I will not remain to hear your idle excuses for such heartless conduct. You have said that your parents, your position in society, and a host of other considerations, forbade you to marry a poor girl like me; and so let it be. Never speak to me of love again, never, if you are a man and gentleman, persecute me more!"

Her voice was mournful and quivering as she turned away. It spoke of outraged feelings of honor, of propriety, of a keen and religious sense of right, and yet it spoke most thrillingly of love. Again she would have passed on, but her companion detained her by the hand.

"Think once more before you go," said he, "of my proposal. You are now struggling on as a poor sewing girl, surrounded by all the horrors of a poverty rendered more horrible by the inclemency of the season, and sickness in your family; you are the mere slave of those who employ your services in sewing; and as dark as your lot now is, it is very probable that it will ere long become worse. On the other hand, there is one who loves you devotedly, who would, if you would only be to him what he asks, take you from this position of ill-requited toil and degradation, and raise you at once to a situation of ease and luxury! How, then, can you hesitate a moment in your decision? How pause between abundance and happiness on one side, and want and misery on the other?"

"And is this your love?" responded Ellen May, in a cold and hollow voice, as a look of agony passed over her deathly features. "Is it to hear such language as this from the cherished idol of my heart, that I have learned to love—to love with an intensity that amounts to adoration in its hope, and almost to madness in its despair! O, Edgar, it would have been far better for me had I died ere the fatal hour in which we met—ere you won from me the love and confidence of an innocent young girl, and then coolly sought to destroy—ere you taught me the utter fallacy of the expectations that are born of love's young dream, and embittered the little happiness with which my existence is fraught!"

"But hear me."

"No, leave me; I have heard too much already. Go!" and her voice was choked with emotion. "Yes, I forgive you, and may Heaven forgive you too. This has been our bitterest meeting—let it be the last until eternity!"

She turned away as she ceased speaking—a moment later and she was gone.

Mr. Norton gazed after her long and steadily as she tottered down the alley. There was an earnest look upon his features—something akin to moisture in his eyes.

"Libertine as I am," he muttered, "I have learned a lesson from woman at last—that poor sewing girl is an angel, if ever there was one. Heaven bless her; and she and I shall meet again!"

And Mr. Norton walked thoughtfully home.

Such were the particulars of that scene which occurred a number of years ago, recorded exactly as they told it to me. Remember them well, and you will soon learn the moral of our humble story.

It was a haunted house! there it stood, in all its faded gentility, in all its gloominess and loneliness, and it was incontestably haunted! The neighbors said so; almost everybody said so, and what almost everybody said, especially about the greatest mystery in Bleak Alley, was not without its weight.

There it stood, in the most gloomy portion of Bleak Alley—an old, two story house, of antique fashion, and one that had evidently been built long before the Revolution had somewhat changed the times and the fashions, to say nothing of changes in men and governments. It had undoubtedly been considered quite aristocratic and genteel in its day; but its usefulness, not to speak of its glory, had well nigh departed, if it might be judged—as most things are judged—by its exterior. The arch that had been originally built over the front doorway, and the pillars that supported it, had rotted away from their fastenings and been removed. The rain worn shingles, the dingy clapboards, and the dilapidated blinds, seemed scarcely able to support their weight, especially when the wind whistled loudly around them, and the wind did whistle almost always in Bleak Alley. The hinges of the front gate had been broken years before by some rude freak of the blast, and the gate was lying on the ground in the yard. The greater portion of that part of the chimney that had originally appeared above the ridge-pole of the house had disappeared through the instrumentality of storms, adventurous urchins, or other domestic calamities; and the few bricks that were visible were very fagged and fragmentary in their appearance, and evidently bent on a speedy dissolution and of whatever of partnership remained. A number of the windows had been to a greater or less extent, broken in—how or when, was a matter that, it is presumed none of the neighbors could have precisely settled. For many years the old building had presented just about that one unchanging aspect, and preserved its time-honored representation of being haunted—how, or by what, was not generally stated; and during this period, such was its awe-inspiring character, and so closely was it watched, that it is fairly presumed that a brick could not have been removed from the chimney, or a shutter detached, but that the fact would have been talked about from one end of Bleak Alley to the other, and seriously commented upon. There were neighbors, who said they lived in daily expectation of chronicling some disastrous fate or other for the old house—who expected that it would tumble, that it would be struck by lightning and burnt up, or that some other calamity would eventually befall it. How far their expectations were met, we shall learn ere the end of our story.

Of course, like all other haunted houses, this particular haunted house had its tradition, properly embellished with the wild and wonderful, and, I must confess it, with something like reality. And of course you will desire me to repeat that tradition for your especial benefit, which I shall obligingly do; giving the story as it was told to a number of children of whom I was one, by my grandmother many years ago.

In the first place, I must surmise that I was born and reared in Bleak Alley, in a small dwelling that stood almost opposite the haunted house, and hence had opportunities to obtain correct information of the *locale*, the attending mysteries and rumors, and to hear a true and veracious statement of the tradition.

And this is the story told by my grandmother one evening, after a number of us children had been looking at the old house nearly all day, and importuning her to give us the veritable facts in relation thereto.

"I will tell you all about it," said my grandmother, after we had seated ourselves before the fire, with grandmother on our right and the big house dog on our left; "but mind you, children, I do not tell you the story merely to gratify your curiosity, but to show you the evil fate that awaits those who are wicked, and do not act properly towards their fellow-men."

"Yes, we'll remember; but the story."

"According to the last accounts," commenced grandmother, looking unusually serious, "the house at which you have been looking nearly all day, was built a great many years ago by a middle-aged man, a sea-captain, named Decker. He was a man of great energy and decision of character, as was proved by the fact of his commencing a sea-faring life as a boy before the mast, and gradually rising, from point to point, to the command of one of the finest vessels that ever sailed out of Boston; but I have heard it said that the immense wealth he had so suddenly gained in his profession was not obtained in strict accordance with innocence or honesty. That is neither here nor there, however; Captain Decker possessed plenty of money, and had built the house in question, in expectation that he would soon be married to the young lady of his choice, and make it his home."

"And did he do so?"

"Don't interrupt me, and you shall hear."

"The lady of Captain Decker's choice was named Miss Merwin. She was the only daughter of a wealthy man, and noted for the beauties of her person, and the graces and accomplishments of her mind. Nearly every one who knew that Captain Decker had proposed for her hand, and that her father had returned a favorable answer, said that it would be an excellent match; but as it happened, the lady herself was not willing to be thus disposed of. Long before she became acquainted with the captain, she had met and loved a poor but very worthy young man of the neighborhood, and had actually promised to be his bride; so you will see that there were two lovers to one object, and that the only one who could possess the prize, with her consent, was the poor young man, and not the captain, as he and her father very evidently desired.

"The true position of affairs soon came to the light, and then there was a stormy time—the father almost beside himself with rage, the captain swearing that he would possess the lady in spite of everybody and everything, and the lovers determined to do very much as they pleased. In fact, not only determined, but ready to act on that determination, and a few days after, they eloped into an adjoining town, and were secretly married!"

"And the captain—?"

"Swore terribly! But don't interrupt me. He said that the father of the young lady had positively promised her to him; that he had built a very splendid house to receive her; that he was determined to have her at all costs and hazards; and dropped mysterious hints in reference to abducting the bride, fighting a duel with his fortunate rival, and various other dark proceedings—all of which were treasured up in the minds of those who heard them, for they saw that his disappointment had made him gloomy and sullen, and undoubtedly revengeful. Nothing really serious, however, was thought of his threats until it was discovered one day, that he had closed up his house and sailed in his vessel, and on the next day that the bride had disappeared, without leaving any trace or intimation of her whereabouts. Suspicion at once pointed to Captain Decker as having carried her off with him by force, and suspicion was right. Such was her fate!"

"What did the husband do—?"

"I shall not be able to tell you, if you interrupt me so often. He took an early passage for London, conjecturing that he would be likely to gain some tidings of the party in that quarter. After being gone about two years, he came home without his wife, and without having gained any information concerning her, and looking more like a ghost than like the robust man he had been before his troubles. He soon after took to his bed and became downright sick, and would have probably never got up again, had it not been for an extraordinary circumstance that occurred."

"And what was that?"

"Why, news was brought him that the captain's house, which had been shut up so long, was opened, and lighted up with great splendor, and that the captain himself had been seen to pass in and out of the door. This was in the evening. You may readily believe that, as sick as he was, the injured husband soon arose and dressed himself, placed a double-barrelled pistol in his pocket, and attended by several friends, set off towards the house."

"Well—"

"Sure enough, the house was lighted as if some important ceremony was about to take place therein. A number of the neighbors had gathered in the street in front of it, but none of them had ventured inside of the gate. The husband was almost distracted with excitement when he arrived on the spot, and especially when he saw the well-known form of Captain Decker appear for a moment near one of the front windows, and he soon made up his mind to enter the house. His friends tried to dissuade him, but in vain. Cocking his pistol, and holding it steadily in his right hand, he rushed in at the door, while those without watched the proceedings with most breathless silence, expecting that something terrible was about to happen; as sure enough there was. For a moment after the husband disappeared from view, all was silent in and around the mansion—then there was a single report, evidently that of a pistol, and every vestige of light and life departed from the house. As quick as thought an inky blackness spread itself over the building, the lights that had been gleaming from within, instantly went out; the windows were darkened, the door swung heavily to its place; and since that time not a ray of light has been seen to proceed from the mansion. There it has stood, lonely and deserted;—and there it will stand in its awful loneliness, until the judgment of Heaven shall cause it to fall!"

"But did the husband find his wife, and what became of him?"

"Nothing is known to a certainty on that point. The next day, the dead body of Captain Decker was found lying upon the front steps, and somewhat bruised, appearing to have been thrown from one of the windows. It was quite cold; and the strangest part of the affair is, that he had been *shot through the heart!* Mind you, exactly through the centre of the heart; and that was all that was ever known of the manner of his death. Some of the neighbors took up the body and buried it, and there they supposed the strange series of circumstances would be at an end."

"As to the husband and wife, nothing certain is known of their fate. There was a story prevalent a number of years ago, that the former, when he entered the parlor, on the fatal evening when the house was discovered lighted, found the captain seated by the side of the lady he had abducted, and endeavoring to persuade her that her legal lord and master was dead. It was added that the injured husband instantly shot the villain through the heart, as before stated—but not until Captain Decker had drawn a heavy knife and mortally wounded the lady. To conclude the story, it was asserted that the husband took his dead wife up in his arms and buried her that night in the cellar beneath the house. Be that as it may, neither of the unhappy twain was ever seen or heard of after he passed in at the door; and as for the house, it has stood there ever since, in the lonely and deserted manner you have seen, and it is unquestionally haunted by the evil spirits of those who made it the scene of their wicked deeds."

Here my grandmother paused, as if she had finished her story.

"But you have not yet said anything about the ghost of Bleak Alley, that is said to live in the haunted house," said I, remembering a schoolmate's story about it, a few days before.

"That is because I did not suppose that you had heard of it," replied my grandmother. "But you probably know as much about it as I do; if not, I will mention the rumors. It is said that the ghost of a woman has been lately seen flitting about the old house, and on one or two occasions, has been seen to enter at the back door. By many of the neighbors, who really believe in the existence of this reported ghost, it is believed to be that of the unfortunate lady who became the victim of Captain Decker."

"Ned Simmons told me that he saw her not more than a week ago," said I, bethinking myself of what one of my school-fellows had told me the day previous.

"He told me the same story," chimed in one of my companions. "I wonder if the house is really haunted by a ghost!"

"I don't know; let us go and see to-morrow!" I replied, with a spirit becoming the adventure. "I know where some of the boards are loose in the rear of the house, leaving a place large enough for us to get in, and—"

"Hush!" said my grandmother, with great solemnity. "You must not think of such an idea. Have you not heard the opinion of the Jones's—that every one who may venture inside of the house will be shot through the heart!"

"As Captain Decker was!"

"Exactly as Captain Decker was, and by the ghost of the man that shot him! So you must not think of hunting for this new ghost that is said to have been lately seen."

"Well, we wont, then—but I should really like to hunt her out," was my reply.

"And so should I," added my companion; and there grandmother's story and our conversation in reference to the haunted house and its mysteries came to an end, for the time being.

CHAPTER II.

HUNTING THE GHOST.

The desires and resolutions of youth are often stronger than those of maturer age; and so it proved in reference to the desires aroused in our young minds for visiting the haunted house. In less than three days after listening to my grandmother's story, in conjunction with my companions, I had made up my mind to hunt the ghost of Bleak Alley at a very early date—if possible, the very next Saturday afternoon, when we expected to be dismissed early from school.

When I look back to that resolution, it seems to have been one of boyish curiosity, and yet, under the circumstances, I can look back upon it as one that evinced a considerable share of juvenile courage on the part of myself and companions. Our hunting party was to be four in number, led by myself, and armed with an old dark lantern I found among the rubbish in the garret, and a well-worn copy of the Bible which I had purloined from my grandmother's shelf for the occasion—having remembered the statement of some story-teller that the presence of the holy book would prevent a spirit of any description from doing any harm.

Saturday afternoon came, and with it, the expected early dismissal from the irksome studies of school. It had been agreed beforehand that we should all hurry home and get some supper, and then meet as soon as practicable in the rear of grandmother's house—that being our rendezvous. By three o'clock we were all present, and all ready to start; and taking a circuitous route, and being careful to avoid observation, we soon arrived in the rear of the premises we were about to search.

I will confess that my heart beat somewhat quicker than usual, as we paused before the haunted house. Everything that met our eyes in the vicinity seemed to whisper of desolation and ruin. The well-sweep had fallen across a rotting wood-pile years before, and had broken into several pieces; and the well itself was so choked up with rubbish and stones that we could scarcely get a glimpse of the black and stagnant water therein. The boards and timbers of the house were loose and shaky, and in many instances, rotted entirely to pieces down near the ground, leaving apertures large enough to admit a man or an animal into the interior of the building. Weeds of all sizes and varieties were growing up rank and luxuriously on every hand, there being no other vegetation to oppose their growth. No traces of footsteps or of visitors were visible; and the silence that reigned over all seemed almost like that of the grave.

My young companions paused and looked attentively at each other, as if half determined to forego our hunt for the ghost. For my own part, I was determined to carry out the project, now that I had set about it, and grasping my dark lantern and Bible with a kind of desperate courage, I boldly crept through one of the several apertures into the kitchen, and threw open the back door for the admission of my schoolmates. My boldness was inspiring, and they soon followed, after which I closed the door, that none of the neighbors might see such a marvellous sight as to behold it open.

At this moment, as ill fortune would have it, the sun, which had been shining gloriously all day, passed behind a large bank of clouds which had suddenly gathered in the western horizon; and the consequence was, that as soon as the door was closed, the kitchen became almost as dark as a cellar. We could scarcely see each other in the gloom, the only two windows in the room being pretty thoroughly hidden by cobwebs and dust; but we could read quite enough of the intelligence conveyed from face to face, to assure us that each and all were heartily sorry we had ventured so far on our heroic mission. The air of desolation and loneliness that rested over all things seemed to become more and more oppressive the longer we remained, and finally one of my companions motioned in a whisper that we all retire as quickly as possible—a motion I should have seconded at once, had I obeyed the dictates of my heart; but the thought of the mortification that would accrue from our failure, caused me to put in an instant and decided negative.

"No, we will remain—at least until we see *something*," said I, with as much firmness as I could assume. "Let us take up our position in the pantry here, on the right of the kitchen, and devote a few moments to a careful observation of the premises; after which we can proceed or retire, as we may think proper!"

I took my way towards the proposed retreat, and was instantly followed by my companions; but had scarcely entered the pantry, before I recoiled with a faint exclamation of alarm—for I saw before me, quietly lying on the dresser, not the ghost of Bleak Alley, but what appeared to be a loaf of bread!

There it lay, an awful object of dread and suspicion, in the shape of a loaf of bread!—a loaf of respectable size, white on the sides, brown on the top, and exhibiting the scars of the baker's fork! It was evidently a real, veritable loaf—not a phantom loaf, or a loaf of the imagination; but with what surprise we gazed upon it!

Several moments passed in silence, during which we gazed alternately on the dread object, and from one to another, as if at a loss how to dispose of the mystery of that loaf's appearance at such a time and at such a place. Finally I spoke:

"It is nothing but a loaf of bread!"

Then I advanced and laid my hand upon it. Not receiving any kind of repulse, I proceeded further—I took it up, examined it, and passed it to my companions.

A further examination revealed a number of articles of a similar import. We found quite a variety of dishes and plates upon the shelves of the pantry, and various articles of food—the whole giving evidence that mortals had that vicinity before us, and at no very

date prior to our own visit.

"It would be a funny adventure," suggesting to feel unusually bold, "if we find out that the house is really inhabited men and women instead of ghosts!"

"—sh!" said one of my comrades, in ing whisper of terror, "look!"

I obeyed the intimation of his outst hand. A shadow had crossed one of t tures in the kitchen wall, and moved floor, while a light step, and a sound rustling of garments, was heard with moment later, the latch was raised—t opened—and the dim and fragile figure man passed rapidly into the apartment!

"*It is the ghost!*" whispered one of th as he looked imploringly and reproachfu my face. "O, why did I come to such a place!"

"You remember what your grandmot that any one who ventured here would *through the heart!*" said another, with a pressive of the greatest terror. "We sh see home again!"

The figure closed the door, crossed the floor, and entered one of the front roo also closed the inner door behind itself, ing all these movements without turnin right or left, or in any way seeming to of the presence of the boy intruders.

Some time had now passed since we our entrance into the house, and the d within and without was fast increasing, the sudden gathering of a thunder-st first intimation of which we had notice entered. These circumstances, coupled mysterious appearance and more myster appearance of the figure we had seen, ca companions to advocate an instant depa home; but I finally succeeded in inf them to remain until we had learned so more definite in reference to the ghost.

"Hark!" said one of my comrades, a later, in a whisper. "I think I hear th of voices in the other room!"

We listened intently; but received no tory proof of my friend's impression. twice I fancied that I heard the subdued a female's voice; but was not certain.

"It might have been your fancy," I su "I hear nothing."

"—sh!" whispered our watchful again. "There's more of the ghost!"

Another shadow had crossed the aper advanced on the floor—not such a shad cast by the sun, for that was hidden, but one as ordinary light will cast through stice into a dark room; and this time i shadow of a man!

The sound of heavy footsteps succe we listened, and an instant later the d opened, and a man entered—a man who i known to the readers of this sketch a Norton!

The intruder closed the door and pau debating in his mind what he should while the boys, myself among the nu erected themselves as much as possible couple of empty flour barrels that stood door of the pantry.

I also knew Edgar Norton then, b since I learned his connection with the Bleak Alley; and I much wonder if th does not already see more of the true p affairs than I then had the ability to di

"She came to this house," he sol thoughtfully—and I shuddered as I th Captain Decker's victim. "She entere door," he added, after a pause—and lieved, for I had no doubt but that Decker's victim would have entered front. "And she must be in some one rooms!" concluded the young man my joy, for I thought that he was a " larger growth," in pursuit of the same had aroused the curiosity of myself a fellows.

I was just upon the point of leaving ing place, and telling him that she w front room, when he moved towards and without noise, as if he was duly with the importance of his mission.

"There he goes!" whispered I, with of delight. "He is also hunting the Isn't it capital! He will save us t and trouble of a search!"

My companions did not reply, but w movements earnestly, and I continued myself in a similar manner.

Thus far I have followed out the ind of the boy-adventurers; I will now par that feature, and proceed with referen reader, Edgar Norton, the scene descri first chapter, and such events as ma light in the development of our story

Edgar Norton paused before the d room into which we had seen the figu lently a few moments before. The anxious look upon his features—some hesitancy in his manner. At last he hand, opened the door, and listened listened.

All was silent. No, not exactly sile our own breathing, and the chirping o cricket upon the kitchen hearth, we the breathing of some person within who was evidently asleep. The judge by respiration. I thought of a story I ha day previous, of a maiden who for som been condemned by the Fates to sleep years; of an old legend I had somew that told of a house wherein a man h ed another as he lay sleeping, and wh ways haunted by a sound like the bree sleeper; and I listened; my companio ed. Edgar Norton listened; and yet silent as the grave, save the steady re that sleeper within.

A few moments passed, and then I Norton start suddenly, and place his h brow, while a hot flush passed over t saw at a glance that it was some o the room that had affected him. M was excited, and I determined to me from my concealment, and learn wha

whole giving evidence that mortals had been in that vicinity before us, and at no very remote date prior to our own visit.

"It would be a funny adventure," said I, beginning to feel unusually bold, "if we should find out that the house is really inhabited by men and women instead of ghosts!"

"—sh!" said one of my comrades, in a thrilling whisper of terror, "*look!*"

I obeyed the intimation of his outstretched hand. A shadow had crossed one of the apertures in the kitchen wall, and moved on the floor, while a light step, and a sound like the rustling of garments, was heard without. A moment later, the latch was raised—the door opened—and the thin and fragile figure of a woman passed rapidly into the apartment!

"*It is the ghost!*" whispered one of the boys, as he looked imploringly and reproachfully into my face. "O, why did I come to such a terrible place!"

"You remember what your grandmother said, that any one who ventured here would be *shot through the heart!*" said another, with a face expressive of the greatest terror. "We shall never see home again!"

The figure closed the door, crossed the kitchen floor, and entered one of the front rooms, and also closed the inner door behind itself, executing all these movements without turning to the right or left, or in any way seeming to be aware of the presence of the boy-intruders.

Some time had now passed since we effected our entrance into the house, and the darkness within and without was fast increasing, owing to the sudden gathering of a thunder-storm, the first intimations of which we had noticed as we entered. These circumstances, coupled with the mysterious appearance and more mysterious disappearance of the figure we had seen, caused my companions to advocate an instant departure for home; but I finally succeeded in influencing them to remain until we had learned something more definite in reference to the ghost.

"Hark!" said one of my comrades, a moment later, in a whisper. "I think I hear the sound of voices in the other room!"

We listened intently; but received no satisfactory proof of my friend's impression. Once or twice I fancied that I heard the subdued tones of a female's voice; but was not certain.

"It might have been your fancy," I suggested. "I hear nothing."

"—sh!" whispered our watchful comrade again. "There's more of the ghost!"

Another shadow had crossed the aperture and advanced on the floor—not such a shadow as is cast by the sun, for that was hidden, but such an one as ordinary light will cast through an interstice into a dark room; and this time it was the shadow of a man!

The sound of heavy footsteps succeeded, as we listened, and an instant later the door was opened, and a man entered—a man who is already known to the readers of this sketch as Edgar Norton!

The intruder closed the door and paused, as if debating in his mind what he should do next, while the boys, myself among the number, secreted themselves as much as possible behind a couple of empty flour barrels that stood near the door of the pantry.

I did not know Edgar Norton then, but I have since learned his connection with the ghost of Bleak Alley; and I much wonder if the reader does not already see more of the true position of affairs than I then had the ability to discover.

"She came to this house," he soliloquized, thoughfully—and I shuddered as I thought of Captain Decker's victim. "She entered by this door," he added, after a pause—and I felt relieved, for I had no doubt but that Captain Decker's victim would have entered by the front. "And she must be in some one of these rooms!" concluded the young man—much to my joy, for I thought that he was a "child of a larger growth," in pursuit of the same ghost that had aroused the curiosity of myself and schoolfellows.

I was just upon the point of leaving my hiding place, and telling him that *she* was in the front room, when he moved towards it, slowly and without noise, as if he was duly impressed with the importance of his mission.

"There he goes!" whispered I, with a chuckle of delight. "He is also hunting the ghost! Isn't it capital! He will save us the danger and trouble of a search!"

My companions did not reply, but watched his movements earnestly, and I continued to employ myself in a similar manner.

Thus far I have followed out the individuality of the boy-adventurers; I will now partially sink that feature, and proceed with reference to the reader, Edgar Norton, the scene described in the first chapter, and such events as may come to light in the development of our story.

Edgar Norton paused before the door of the room into which we had seen the figure pass silently a few moments before. There was an anxious look upon his features—something like hesitancy in his manner. At last he raised his hand, opened the door, and listened—intently listened.

All was silent. No, not exactly silent. Above our own breathing, and the chirping of a solitary cricket upon the kitchen hearth, we could hear the breathing of some person within that room, who was evidently asleep, to judge by the steady respiration. I thought of a story I had read the day previous, of a maiden who for some folly had been condemned by the Fates to sleep a hundred years; of an old legend I had somewhere seen, that told of a house wherein a man had murdered another as he lay sleeping, and which was always haunted by a sound like the breathing of a sleeper; and I listened; my companions listened; Edgar Norton listened; and yet *all* was as silent as the grave, save the steady respiration of that sleeper within.

A few moments passed, and then I saw Edgar Norton start suddenly, and place his hand to his brow, while a hot flush passed over his face. I saw at a glance that it was some object within the room that had affected him. My curiosity was excited, and I determined to move forward from my concealment, and learn what it was at which he was gazing so steadily and with such apparent interest.

"He will be shot through the heart!" said one of my companions; but I waited to hear no more. Leaving my position behind the flour barrels, I slowly and cautiously crossed the room, and stooped down behind him. His gaze had become more fixed, his agitation more evident. Could it be that he had become charmed, as serpents charm their prey, by some awful vision revealed in that dimly-lighted room, and was now gradually being drawn within its fatal precincts?

My excitement increased, and rising to my feet, I glanced over the young man's shoulder into the room. I expected to behold some terrible evidence of the Decker tragedy, or tradition, whatever it may be called, but quite different was the scene that met my eyes. Let me describe it to you exactly as it appeared.

The room was quite large, and gave evidence of having once been handsomely painted and papered; but its walls were now dingy and smoky, and left a bleak and repulsive impression on my eye and heart as I gazed. The floor was without carpeting, and the cracks between many of the boards half an inch in width, through which came up a damp and chilly air from the cellar. My eye first rested on an old bedstead in one corner of the apartment, and a seamy bed, on which was lying the form of the sleeper, whose breathing had attracted our attention—an elderly lady, whose pallid face, attenuated limbs and features, and sunken eyes, showed that she had long been a prisoner to disease and suffering. Near the head of the bed stood an old table, which had been worn out and ruined many years before, but still retained strength enough to support the little the occupants of the room had to place upon it. To the right, stood a number of ricketty chairs; and at the foot of the bed I noticed a small bureau, of antique pattern, and minus one of the drawers. The fireplace had been closed up with a cheap and ill-shapen firboard, and in its stead, the occupants used a small stove, which stood exactly in the centre of the hearth. To the right of this, I beheld a wash-stand, which sustained a pail of water, a number of plates and pans, and a three-legged skillet.

I am free to confess that, young as I was, all idea of ghosts and things supernatural passed from my mind the instant I gazed upon these evidences of the most biting and grasping poverty.

But I have not yet described the principal object that met my eyes in that lonely room. I will do so.

Before the stove, in which a few embers were flickering, and sending a slight degree of warmth throughout the room, was seated a pale-faced, care-worn young girl, engaged in sewing. My readers having already made her acquaintance, I may as well add here that this pale sewing girl was no other than the one already introduced in our story. She was the nearly as she was the day she met Edgar Norton in Bleak Alley, and was about the same in appearance, save that her form seemed somewhat thinner, and there was not so much color in her face. There were traces of tears in her eyes and on her cheeks, and a deeper expression of misery rested on her pallid features than when she had so nobly resisted the temptation of her lover. At times her eyes would close, and her head droop forward, while the needle would fall from her tired fingers; but she would rouse herself from the pressing demands of overtasked nature, and apply herself to her task with renewed energy. She was seated with her face towards the bed whereon her mother was sleeping, and did not observe that the door had been opened behind her, and that the two ghost-hunters, man and boy, were watching her every movement—yet there might have been a whisper of spirit intelligence given by the presence of Edgar Norton, for her murmurs soon revealed that her thoughts were of him.

The poor maiden often glanced at the pale face of her mother, and once or twice her eyes roamed about upon the evidences of poverty in the room, while something akin to an expression of commingled mockery and bitterness passed over her countenance. Her thoughts, too, became more and more oppressive, as her ability to finish her arduous and long continued task became less; and finally she murmured, as she sank back in her chair, and gazed despairingly upon the garment she held in her grasp:

"And *this* is honesty and womanly virtue!—to make shirts for ten cents apiece, and live in a hovel, with a mother dying beside one for want of the commonest necessities of life! O, Edgar! could you have but known how I was situated; and O, mother! could you but know how terribly your child has been tempted!"

I glanced at Edgar Norton, and saw, dark as was the room, that tears were coursing down his cheeks, and that his manly form fairly trembled with the stormy emotions of his soul. For myself, I could not fully understand the scene; but I felt that it would all be explained in due time, and come out right at the end.

"It is wrong for me to complain," murmured Ellen, after a momentary pause. "Our Heavenly Father knows what is for the best, and it becomes us not to murmur at his decrees. The darkest hour is just before day; and it may be that He, in his goodness, will find a way of redemption for us from this sorrow and distress."

The words were truthfully spoken, and at their conclusion, the poor girl knelt beside her mother's bed, clasped her thin hands fervently, and looked confidingly up towards heaven. I saw that she was breathing a silent prayer—pouring out the noblest riches of her soul at the throne of grace; and the scene was so indescribably beautiful and touching—that sorrowing girl kneeling down in such a lonely and comfort-forsaken room to pray—that my eyes were soon dimmed with tears.

As for Edgar Norton, I venture to say that he did not move, scarcely breathe, for several moments. There was the noble being he had sought to ruin, after he had won the sacred blessing of her love; there was the long tried and sorely-troubled daughter of affliction, who had spurned his offers of case and luxury, dearly as she had loved him, that she might remain true to her own womanly sense of honor and purity, to her mother, and to her God; there was the pale and fragile flower he, as a libertine, had sought to win and wear from the moment he discovered it growing up beside his path; and now she had knelt down in the gloom and coldness of her stricken home; now she was praying for the recovery of her mother, for their release from the pressing poverty by which they were surrounded, and for the welfare and reformation of her erring lover!

And her words were as coals of fire upon the head of her guilty lover, as he stood there and listened! His face seemed convulsed with contrition and shame for the folly of which he had been guilty. A flood of repentant tears were in his eyes, a choking sensation on his heart and throat; and not long could he remain silent and motionless beneath the effect of such a scene. The strong man groaned aloud in the bitterness of his soul.

"Ellen!" he cried, in a voice of agony, as he started to his feet. "*Angel* that you are—my own! forgive me!" and rushing hastily forward, he sank down on his knees beside her, and then clasped her in his arms.

"He will be shot through the heart!" exclaimed one of my companions, as they rushed forward from their concealment; but I quickly closed the door, so quickly and silently that neither of the lovers observed the fact, or became aware of the presence of intruders.

"Yes, he *has* been shot through the heart," I replied,—"by *Cupid!*"

The boys thought I made use of a strange oath at the time; but I afterwards found means of explaining the matter to their satisfaction.

"Let us go home," said I, gravely. "We have found the ghost!" and I left the house, taking the Bible and dark lantern, and gravely followed by my companions.

My grandmother missed her Bible, and seemed, as I sat at supper, to suspect me of having been engaged in some awful jugglery; but I merely looked wonderfully mysterious, and said nothing.

The concluding events of our story are not very difficult to understand or describe.

The noise caused by the abrupt entrance of Edgar Norton was sufficient to arouse Ellen's mother from her slumbers. She saw her daughter clasped in the arms of a fashionably-dressed young man, and weeping on his breast. He was a stranger, and she not being aware of her daughter's love, her surprise knew no bounds.

"Ellen!" she cried, partially raising herself up. "Who is this man, and what is he doing here? Speak! on your *honor*—"

Ellen threw herself upon her mother's breast, while Edgar Norton sank into a chair. He had now become somewhat calm, but there were tears in his eyes, and a serious look upon his countenance.

"Speak! Edgar," added Ellen; "if you do indeed love me. Speak, and tell my mother all!"

The young man advanced to the side of the bed, and placed his arm around the waist of the fair being who was sobbing there.

"Madam," said he, "or mother, as I hope to call you soon, hear me with patience, and I will explain there occurrences to your entire satisfaction."

Ellen raised her head, and stole a glance at her lover's features. She saw their earnest expression; beheld the tears in his eyes; realized how tremulous, yet full of love, was his ever musical voice; and she nestled closer, closer to his manly breast.

And Edgar Norton went on:

"Here, at this noble shrine—here with your daughter's heart beating wildly in answer to mine—here, in this joyful hour of reformation and new-found love and confidence—let me speak to you as the mother of so noble a being should be spoken to! I love your child with no unholy love—I regard her with no unworthy passion!"

Closer to his heart nestled Ellen, as she listened to his words, until her warm breath was on his cheeks, and her lips pressed fondly to his own. Truly, it was something worth living for, the glorious consummation of such an hour.

"Like many others," continued Norton, "I have been a libertine, made such by circumstances and education, rather than by any natural depravity of the heart. As I have passed along the way of life, I have looked upon woman as a fair minister to our happiness, rather than a companion, or as the noble blessing she is. To say that I have sometimes sinned in this respect, and deeply, is but to confess the truth. Hence you will readily believe my frank confession, when I tell you that I first sought your daughter to make her my victim. She can tell you how I offered to take her from the lowly lot in which she was struggling, and raise her to ease and splendor, if she would be what I desired. She can tell you how often and how strongly I tempted her, not knowing that she was really in such straitened circumstances; but she refused all my offers, and even forbade me to ever see her again, or speak to her of love. This noble conduct challenged my wonder; it won my admiration; and finally a feeling of respect and affection I need not blush to acknowledge. I loved her for her worth, for her virtues, for that ennobling sense of honor and purity which could resist temptation under such circumstances; and I am here to tell you all this, to assure you that she has made me a reformed man; and to ask her hand in marriage!"

"And will you indeed make me your lawful wife?" cried Ellen, with a burst of joyful emotion, as she gazed fondly into his eyes.

"I will—so witness this kiss—so help me Heaven!"

"Then I shall be happy—so happy!" replied Ellen, as she threw her arms around his neck, and clung to his breast in a warm embrace.

"Bless you, my children!" said the delighted mother, as tears of joy coursed down her cheeks. "Wed, always be as loving and confiding as now, and you will be blest with every enjoyment the world can give!"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MOSS ROSEBUD.

BY MARIA GILBERT.

"DUM SPIRO, SPERO," was the exclamation of a young man, as he descended the steps of a pleasant house in one of our Southern cities, and with a lightened heart bent himself toward his place of business. He had been striving to conciliate where cause for offence from himself had never been given. "For," thought he, "she is unfortunate in this particular, only a little jealous now and then, which goes to prove her love for me, and if her trials are imaginary, mine, the result of them, shall be transitory, for what were life to me without Mary."

Scarcely had he thought thus, when a little flower-girl met his view, holding forth for sale a bunch of rich exotics, in which, with the heliotrope and japonica, were bound, side by side, two beautiful moss rosebuds, tempting the young moralizer to purchase at once. Arthur V. gave his address to the little girl, charging her to ask the lady with whom he was a boarder to preserve carefully the flowers until his return, and continuing his route, he congratulated himself as he thought of the pleasure his gift would afford the beloved one; for Mary loved flowers, and those buds were beautiful and rare. A few minutes after young V. had passed into another street, the person of fair Mary met in her daily ramble the girl with the flowers. Attracted by the uncommon beauty of the buds, Mary learned from the bearer the destination, which she rightly judged was, in the end, for her own enjoyment.

During this bright June morning, a merry, light-hearted, teasing girl set out on her tour for pleasure, and turning a corner, she espied on the ground a moss rosebud,—twin to the one in the purchased bouquet, and carelessly dropped by the flower-girl,—which she placed in her bosom, then took her course to the house of her cousin Mary, the betrothed of Arthur V., designing to chat a while with her, after she had spent an hour with a friend on the way. Meanwhile, young Arthur hastened with a lover's earnestness to present his floral offering in person, where it was only equalled by the bloom and freshness of her to whom he had devoted his best gifts of a true and ardent spirit, a loving and faithful heart.

While admiring the fragrance of his bouquet, Mary suddenly exclaimed, "But where is the other bud?"

That there had been more than one was a fact which had escaped his notice, and while the lady frankly told him of her previous admiring scrutiny, he as frankly assured her that he had presented his gift entire, as he found it. That there were two buds on the bouquet a short time before, Mary was right in asserting; that she saw but one then, was an incontestable truth, and the only dark impulse in Mary's bosom rose up to doubt. This was the spot that, like the heel of Achilles, was destined to receive the arrow which poisoned all her peace. To doubt. So with this feeling smarting in her heart, concealed by a smiling lip, she parted with her friend, whose engagements prevented a protracted stay.

It was nothing wonderful that Rachel should wear a rosebud in her bosom, or that, on being questioned during her call on her cousin, she should decline satisfying a curiosity as to whence it came.

It was natural for Mary to doubt herself, and for that reason her faith in others was weak. It was from mistfulness alone that Rachel concealed the truth of having found the bud, and without dreaming how deeply her words stung the ear that received them, she left her cousin impressed with the belief that Arthur had deceived, and Rachel had triumphed. It was in vain Mary reasoned with herself. The token of regard so plainly worn by Rachel was enough to satisfy even a mind less suspecting than her own, so when Arthur V. made his next visit, he found the following note awaiting him:

"Unwilling to share your gifts with another, or to accept a divided heart, and feeling myself to be more arbitrary in my requirements than can possibly coincide with your *heart* and *truth*, I write to release you from an engagement that will leave one of us free, and the other, I trust, happy."

Springing from his seat like one pierced through the heart, he left the house forever, and engaging a situation as supercargo on board an India ship, embarked for an indefinite length of time, after leaving a note as follows for his unjust, though still loved and never forgotten Mary.

"'What is he to Hecuba?' nothing,—an unsightly exercesence to be shaken off. Farewell, my dearest Mary. Peace and happiness attend you. I will not thrust myself upon your attention, will not weary you with my presence. Thank you, gentle one, for *past favors*; for beguiling many a weary hour,—for that benevolence that prompted so great a sacrifice for one who now feels that he had no place in your heart, and can therefore better appreciate your kindness in yielding him your grace and countenance, purely for his own good. May he on whom you next condescend to smile be more worthy of you, love like you, and better able to make you an adequate return for all you give. Many there are, whose endowments will commend them to your respect and love,—who, having gained, will be able to retain their place in your affection. May it be yours to find such friends. Think sometimes, will you not, of the fractured tie? When new ones cluster around you, think of him who gave *his all*, and had no more that he could give,—whose offering was rejected."

It was said by those who knew him, that Mr. V. would return at the end of the year; but twenty years rolled by, and with them came no news from her lover to Mary, nor did they give any outward signs of relenting; but Time, as he brought his annual offerings for the acceptance of his child—each season a thread of silver for her hair, or a richer experience in the discipline of life—Time always found her single, true to him.

Twenty years—it was a long while to remember, but Mary was just seventeen at the time of her engagement, and she was one of those whose heart never grows old.

Late in a gloomy autumn, while the husbandman was feeling that, while he wiped his brow at the gathering in of his harvest, he was being baptized and purified in the approval of his Master's smile for his industry and toil, while an Indian summer proclaimed itself more beautiful than its predecessor and the spring beside, our single sister Mary found herself seated one day at the end of a long table, at dinner with several friends, who had requested her to accompany them to I—— Hall, a fashionable resort for strangers of leisure, and where, at the opposite end, sat a group of dark complexioned gentlemen, merrily engaged in discussing some point of great interest.

"And what kept you single so long?" said one, with his untasted glass upraised, as he addressed his *vis-a-vis*, the face of whom Mary did not see.

"Me!" was the reply, in a voice that went to the ear of Mary through that long hall with a cadence never forgotten, now melting into her heart, "Me! why a rosebud made me a bachelor."

"Then let us drink to the rosebud," said his questioner; and reaching forward to fill his glass, the eyes of Arthur V. rested on those of Mary, who had sat almost paralyzed by that voice she had never thought to hear again.

It is needless to attempt describing the meeting, which was soon followed by marriage.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY HEART IS IN THAT AIDEN.

BY ALBERT O. CLOUGH.

To a little fairy dell,
Near a brooklet sparkling,
Where the cooling shadows fell,
Mimic forests darkling—
And the flowerets frail and fair,
With their sweets had laden
Gentle zephyrs floating there,
In that lovely Aiden;
Chanced my weary feet to stray,
From the sun's fierce gleaming,
And the swift hours sped away,
In a peaceful dreaming.

O'er my heart there came a spell,
Like some tuneful measure,
Creeping to each secret cell,
With a mystic pleasure.
And I wandered at its tourh,
To a hidden bower,
Whence there came, my soul knew, such
A magnetic power.
But with sighs I turned away
From a sleeping maiden,
And my heart has, from that day,
Never left that Aiden.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE RED-BIRD:

—OR,—

THE WRECK OF SPECTRE-CLIFF.

BY FRANK WORTHINGTON.

On the northwest coast of England, near the Scottish line, below Carlisle, there lies a long stretch of rocks and reefs—several miles in extent—which is but little known, and seldom visited, except land-wise. The homeward-bound vessels from the north or west, "steer wide" of this forbidding location, and the weather-bound craft that is found there in a storm, enjoys small chance of escape from destruction, save by the most fortunate and experienced management.

During the latter part of November, in the year 1819, a terrific storm had set in, which lasted for several days after its commencement, and during which, more than thirty vessels, large and small, had found their watery graves along this terrible range of crags.

Along this line, at wide intervals, and at some distance inland from the extreme shore, may be seen a few humble fishermen's cots, occupied by hardy and adventurous Englishmen, who live by means of tilling the hard land, in part, and in taking fish, at times, in the appropriate season. Some of these men are owners of the small craft employed upon these waters, and others are wreckers, self-made "pilots," and supernumeraries, who find occupation, now and then, on land or sea, as their services may be in demand, but whose subsistence there, at best, is precarious.

Among the ragged cliffs that line this rough ocean-edge, there is one more towering than the rest, which looms up against the sky like a huge iceberg, conical in shape, with a shattered peak, around which the lightning plays, occasionally, amidst the storm, but which still withstands the fury of the elements, and remains as it has for scores and hundreds of years, probably, the same unaltered, ghost-like spire, among its fellows. This part of the reef is called "Spectre-Cliff," and there is a legend about that single peak that is common among the superstitious residents of the vicinity.

It is affirmed by the older inhabitants there, and the story is thoroughly believed by the younger portion of the poor people in that ilk, that upon a certain fearfully stormy night in mid-winter, many long years ago, a splendid ship, richly laden, and commanded by a gallant captain, was bound to Liverpool, from the north; and coming down across the head of the Irish Channel, she took the gale from the southwest-'ard, which drove her towards this coast. In the midst of the furious blow, the wreckers suddenly beheld the noble ship, under bare poles labouring on towards this fatal reef, evidently beyond the control of those who had charge of her. On she came—on, on! She was doomed! The shrieks of the passengers and crew could be heard, borne to the shore on the raving wind, but no aid could be afforded the perilled sufferers. As the gallant craft neared the rocks, the stalwort form of the intrepid captain was seen, and his thundering voice, as he strove to give the last orders he ever uttered, could also be plainly distinguished above the roar of the elements. The figure of the commander of the ship was very tall, and he appeared, to the anxious eyes of the shore-people, a monster in proportions, as he yelled, and chafed, and cursed his evidently approaching fate! The vessel struck! Her masts were snapped out of her like reeds! She heeled, and rolled, and struggled for a moment in the boiling, tumbling surge, and the yawning gulf that Fate had prepared for her opened, and she sunk forever, with captain, freight and passengers! The great ship's stern was found the next spring, embedded between two huge boulders that opened close to the base of this singularly tall promontory, and the spire that mounted thence straight upward towards the sky, some two hundred feet, had never seemed so prominent before, to the eyes of the lookers on. They declared that it had grown up there since the wreck, and became the petrified representation of the gallant form of the lost captain of that ship! Such was the legend, and they called it *Spectre-Cliff!*

On such a day as this, in the midst of one of those terrible storms that the shore-people were accustomed to experience, a fine new barque from the westward, bound to England, with a valuable freight and some two hundred passengers and crew, approached this very reef, having been driven off her course three or four days previously, and drifting northward, took the most violent part of the gale towards nightfall, while within sixty miles of the barren coast referred to.

It was the *Red Bird*, of New Castle. For eight and forty hours she lay to in this hurricane, drifting and pitching and laboring, but no abatement occurred in the awful violence of the storm. No food could be cooked, and the passengers had been serving lustily at the pumps, relieving the crew and each other, in squads, an hour at a time, under the direction of her brave and faithful officers, for nearly two long weary days. And now an incoming broke again, while the fury of the gale in no wise abated, the awfully ragged shore was in sight, towards which the Red Bird and her troubled crew were being borne, with frightfully certain rapidity!

In vain did the hardy captain shout and stamp the deck, as his crew and her perilled passengers deserted the pumps. Vainly did he beseech them to care thus for themselves and for each other. The bark was aleak—she was filling up—already five feet of water lay in her hold! All his endeavors to control his vessel or his crew were unavailing; and with a deep muttered malediction upon the heads of those who should have stood by and obeyed his orders to the last moment of time, amidst those fearfully threatening circumstances—he threw up the wheel, which he had grasped with the two chief men of the larboard watch, a little time before, and rushed in seeming madness to the door of the principal cabin, leaving the rest to take care of themselves (since they would not heed his directions), and look after their own fate, as best they might.

"Quick, Marston!" he shouted at the companion-way, "quick! for your life!"

And at this summons there tumbled up the steps a score of passengers, men and women, of whom he took no notice, except to advise them "to the boats—to the boats!" while he still cried "Marston—Marston!" when a fine looking, but rather feebly-moving old gentleman made his appearance, whose fair skin and silvery shock of long hair showed that he had not been used to this sort of rough business, reached the deck, and was instantly grasped in the stout arms of the still determined and really brave commander, who had been deserted by his crew and passengers at a moment when everything—vessel, cargo, life, all were at stake.

The gale continued in all its fierceness, the seas rolled heavily in shore, and the spray leaped high over the rocks, as wave after wave hurried on, to dash itself upon the flinty and frightful barrier it met. An hour after daylight, full fifty men could be seen, hurrying to and fro, along the tops of the cliffs. The doomed bark had been discovered, and the rude fishermen and wreckers—some for natural sympathy for their perilled fellow-beings, and others prompted by the hope of pecuniary gain—flitted about the tops of the rocks, as near to the verge of the hissing gulf beneath as they dared to venture, with ropes and buoys and small spars, which they had brought to throw over among the breakers when the Red Bird should strike, as they plainly saw she must.

"There's no hope for her, Charlie," ventured one of the foremost of the crowd, as he bent a stout rope around a huge buoy he had dragged down from the nearest hut.

"Not a shade, Tom. Can you see anything?"

"No—except that she is drifting, broadside on, mostly."

"Try the glass again."

"It's of no use, I tell you, and we'd a deal better spend our time in getting the floats ready. The spray and the sleet together prevent your seeing anything, I tell you, any way."

"Give me the glass, a moment," continued the other. "God!" he shouted. "Look, Tom, she's abreast of Spectre-Cliff, already. See how she comes down on the tops of the waves! The foremast is gone—isn't it a barque?"

"I think so," replied Tom.

"There, her foremast is gone, certain. Now—now—but I can't see anything now."

"So I told you."

"*Now* I see her. Lord! Lord! They're tumbling over—into the boats—into the surge—and the vessel is tossed about like an egg-shell!" Then laying down the glass, he went to work earnestly once more with the rest.

Every soul who attempted to leave the barque in the small boats was lost—the frail shells having been stove at the Red Bird's side, or swamped in a moment after they were filled with their huddling, shrieking, living freights. But the captain clung faithfully to the white-haired old man, supporting him firmly, as he grasped the rigging with his muscular hand.

"Leave me, Albert, leave me," said the old man, faintly, and exhausted with the harsh exercise he had been subjected to. "Leave me, and aid the others."

"I can assist but one," said the captain, "and I will save you or die with you!"

An awful crash immediately followed this promise, and the Red Bird heeled heavily toward the shore, as a monstrous wave lifted her high above the sunken rocks, and then parting, stove her over the outer reef! Another wave succeeded this, and quickly, then another, and the Red Bird was dashed in pieces, within a hundred feet of Spectre Cliff!

"Over with the buoys! Down with the floats, now!" screamed Tom, the wrecker. "She's gone! Look to the lines and spars, there, lively, now—some of 'em may be saved, perhaps. Where are you, Charlie? Quick, this way! Give us the corks and the small lines, there. See, see, you! Isn't there a man and woman struggling below?"

"Ay, ay! I see them! No—it is two men."

"Cheer-ho! cheer-ho!" shouted Tom, lustily, to the two objects of their immediate solicitude. "Now, Charlie, away with it! That's it. Once more—slack out, slack out! He sees it—cheer-ho! Now—haul in! Haul in, Charlie—we've got 'em! Got 'em safe—haul in! Cheer-ho! Now, take care! Up with them—heave, heave-ho!" and the hands of half a score of sturdy men grasped the nearly lifeless bodies of the two sufferers, who were locked in each other's arms, while the youngest of the twain continued still to grasp with one hand the float which had saved them. They were the captain of the Red Bird and the old man, Marston, whom he had clung to, from the moment he reached the deck.

Not another soul was saved from the wreck. The Red Bird was never seen from the moment she finally rolled over the reef, having been dashed to pieces, while the ruins of the beautiful barque and her cargo were scattered far and wide upon the turbulent and riotous billows.

In the town of Leeds, Yorkshire County, England, there resided at this time a family who were highly respected, and who deserved the position that for a long period had been accorded them by all who had the honor of their acquaintance. The name of this family was Elworth. They had enjoyed a high reputation for integrity and probity, and the business character of the elder male members had come to be proverbially noted.

The two eldest brothers of the Elworth family had been engaged in the shipping interests of New Castle and Leeds for many years, in company with their senior partner, Oliver Marston, to whom the Elworths were largely indebted, originally, for their capital in trade. The senior member of the concern had been absent from home for some months, and his partners were now anxiously looking for his return, when they suddenly learned that the *Red Bird*, one of their vessels, in which they supposed Mr. Marston to be a passenger, had gone ashore on the west coast of England, and was a total loss.

The deepest pain and anxiety were caused by this imperfect announcement, and it was some three or four days before the friends of Marston could learn any further details of the disaster, the location of the accident being out of the way, and indefinitely described by those who brought in the first information of the wreck. And thus the family relations, as well as the junior partners of the old gentleman, were at a loss to know what had been his fate, though they feared for the worst.

In the meantime, the captain of the Red Bird and old Mr. Marston had been rescued by the wreckers, when they had given up all hope of reaching the shore alive. But Mr. Marston was entirely unconscious of what was going on, having been so effectually chilled that life seemed extinct when he was raised upon the shore. The captain was more fortunate, however; and as soon as he could obtain a little rough exercise upon terra firma, his natural ruggedness was restored, and he instantly went to work upon old Mr. Marston, in the hope of resuscitating him, if possible. After a few minutes, his friend was joyed to observe a motion in the stiffened limbs of his aged passenger, and he directed him to be removed forthwith to the cot of a fisherman hard by, where he was finally restored entirely to consciousness.

"Ah, Albert! You here!" exclaimed the old man, blandly, as he first looked around him. "It's dreadful cold, Albert—are we safe, safe?"

"Yes, sir—thank God and our active friends here, we are saved."

"*All* saved, Albert—all?" repeated the old gentleman, sympathetically.

"I know nothing of the rest, and fear that we two are alone," responded the captain.

A sigh fell from Mr. Marston's lips at this intelligence, but he was a strong-minded man, and quickly rallied.

"Can we do nothing, gentlemen," he asked, "for those who are not here? the unfortunate beings who were with us on board the vessel? I beseech you, let no efforts be spared, no exertions that money can command be lacking, to save any who perchance may find their way to or near the shore."

Mr. Marston was assured that every effort and care would be given to the remaining sufferers, if any appeared, and he finally became calm and resigned to the catastrophe, though the final announcement of the result nearly overpowered him.

Not a vestige of the wreck came ashore. Three or four bodies were found, a few days afterwards, among the rocks, and the master and his aged friend were the only two beings on board who outlived that fatal scene.

Besides the mourners for the supposed fate of Mr. Marston, a thousand other hearts were aching at the loss of friends and relatives who chanced to be on board the Red Bird; and when the startling news came to hand with some final show of accuracy, the people of Leeds and New Castle and Liverpool, especially, were in consternation at the sad and fearful intelligence. Among the rest, the chiefest of mourners was seen in the almost broken-hearted young wife of Captain Albert Lisle, whose family resided at the little village of Wheaton, below Carlisle, and who awaited with intense anxiety the future developments that would result, as soon as sufficient time could elapse to ascertain full particulars. During the fortnight succeeding this awful storm, no less than thirteen ships and barques, and as many smaller craft, were found to have been driven ashore upon that fatal coast, amid the storm described, and hundreds of lives, with millions of marine property and freight, had been sacrificed amid the fury of the elements on that occasion.

No leisure or opportunity had yet been afforded the two survivors of the Red Bird's wreck to communicate with their friends, to relieve their anxiety and fears, as Captain Lisle had been fully occupied with nursing and watching with his old friend, Mr. Marston, and there was no readily accessible means for mailing letters in the remote spot where they were compelled temporarily to tarry; while Marston was too much exhausted to do anything personally for some hours after their rescue.

On the second morning after the accident, however, the old gentleman arose from his little bed quite refreshed, and declared that he was himself again.

"We should hasten forward, captain," he said, "as rapidly as possible now, and report ourselves. The first imperfect announcement of the loss of the Red Bird will have preceded us, undoubtedly, and our families and friends will be troubled until we can happily show ourselves at home, unharmed. I trust, Albert, you find yourself personally uninjured?"

"Never better, sir, in my life," responded the unfortunate commander. "But my beautiful bark, and her crew and passengers, sir—this is an awful loss!"

"I see it, Albert, and no one can feel this blow more keenly than myself. The barque can be replaced, and the cargo is insured; but life cannot be restored, the widows and orphans that have been made by this terrible calamity, the hearthstones that are thus made desolate, will cause a world of woe to follow upon this shocking and fatal occurrence. Thank God that *we* have been singled out, in his overruling goodness, for escape from present death. And when we shall reach our homes again, Albert, we will take early measures to ascertain who has been lost from among us, and as far as may be, we will aim to assuage the wounds now inflicted. Let me say in one word here, that *you* have done all that a man could do, amidst this peril. I regret that your advice was not finally followed on shipboard by your crew; but the event could scarcely have been different. It was the Red Bird's fate, and we may not murmur when He chastises."

Together, Mr. Marston and the captain started for home at once; and the joy of the families and friends of the two more fortunate companions of the late voyage, upon their subsequent and sudden appearance among them, was intense in the extreme. Nothing satisfactory could be learned until the arrival of these two persons; and the feelings of those who took an interest in Marston and the commander had been fearfully tried, amid the suspense that succeeded the Red Bird's loss. The joy of the young wife, and the happiness of the Elworths was great, at last, however—and while they condoled with the bereaved who had thus lost their protector or friends, they had cause for heartfelt thankfulness that their own had been providentially spared to them.

Mr. Marston had had the opportunity personally to be a witness of the skill and merits of the man who had been in the service of his firm as a ship-master; he had seen how deeply he was indebted to his courage and energy in saving him from destruction, and he was not the man to forget the accomplished sailor, after the peril was over.

A splendid new ship was immediately purchased by Mr. Marston, whose wealth was great, and he caused it to be christened the "Rescue," in honor of the gallant conduct of his noble friend, Captain Lisle, who was forthwith admitted a partner in the firm of Elworths & Co., upon on terms befitting with the two brothers, of whose fortunes old Marston had already been the chief founder.

Mr. Marston lived several years afterwards to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his three friends accumulate money rapidly, and when he finally retired from business, he placed Captain Lisle in the position he vacated. The new firm continued to be prosperous, and from the fearful night when the Red Bird was dashed upon Spectre-Cliff, in all his voyages and wanderings, the noble-hearted Captain Lisle was never again so unfortunate as to experience any serious accident. He finally retired from his profession altogether, and in the midst of plenty and ease, continued to enjoy life, surrounded by friends, and highly esteemed for his uniform kindness, liberality and uprightness.

A REASON FOR SMOKING.

I must confess I smoke, my friend. I acquired the habit among fishermen and sailors, and practised it for another reason. I formerly frequently fell in with people who wearied and annoyed me. I was willing to be with them while they were talking, but I had a great objection to talking, too; I had absolutely nothing to say to them; I found it polite and convenient to make them smoke and smoke myself;—they spoke less and I did not speak at all. Now, although I do smoke sometimes, I am likewise sometimes whole months without taking down my pipe: I can even smoke in my room, I am not willing to mingle the odor of tobacco with the perfume of my flowers. What charming travellers are those flowers assembled together from all parts of the world! Tobacco comes from America; the Queen Marguerite comes from China; the heliotrope from Peru; the day lily from Portugal; the rose laurel from Greece; the azaleas are originally from India; the tulip is from Asia. I could write a capital history of voyages I have failed to make. I am very fearly going to Greece, to see the wild, uncultivated rose laurels blow, with their roots in the waters of the Eurotas. I learnt that quite as good were to be seen in the south of France, so I did not go. There are things which we do at once, or else we never do at all. The excess of the thing gives you an excess of resolution; and in making the tour of the world, to have descended your own staircase is to have performed a quarter of the undertaking.—*A Tour round my Garden.*

ECONOMY.

"A slight knowledge of human nature will show," says Mr. Colquhoun, "that when a man gets on a little in the world, he is desirous of getting on a little further." Such is the growth of provident habits, that it has been said, if a journeyman lays by the first five shillings, his fortune is made. Mr. William Hall, who has bestowed great attention on the state of the laboring poor, declared that he never knew an instance of one who had saved money coming to the parish. And he adds, moreover, "those individuals who save money are better workmen: if they do not do the work better, they behave better, and are more respectable; and I would sooner have in my trade a hundred men who save money, than two hundred men who would spend every shilling they get. In proportion as individuals save a little money, their morals are much better; they husband that little, and there is a superior spur given to their morals, and they behave better for knowing they have a little stake in society." It is scarcely necessary to remark, that habits of thoughtfulness and frugality are at *all times* of immense importance.—*Widerspun's Early Discipline.*

ANECDOTE OF REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

At Ballard's Seminary, where young Chapin was prepared for college, it was customary for the teachers to call on the boys to relate some incident or occurrence which had come under their observation. It was in the spring of the year, when farmers usually have an over supply of mutton upon the family board, that Chapin was called upon to "tell the truth." He rose slowly from his seat, and quietly remarked, in answer to the teacher's request, "It's a *positive fact*—I've lived upon mutton so long that I am ashamed to look a sheep in the face," and sat down again amid roars of laughter from the whole school.—*Tribune.*

Jester's Picnic.

As Old Roger and the Brahmin Poo-Poo were crossing the Chelsea Ferry, the Brahmin spoke of the difference in the boats of various nations, and said that on the Ganges they had boats made of cloth, rendered impervious to wet by pitch. "Well," said Old Roger, "the difference is not so great as you imagine, because even here we have tow boats." The Brahmin would have replied, but Old Roger interrupted him by asking him why the roof of the largest ship-houses was like a man ill with rheumatism. The Brahmin assured him that he couldn't see the least resemblance. "It is," said Old Roger, "because it is full of pains." A spasmodic effort to save his hat from going overboard put an end to the conversation.—*Punch.*

Some weeks since, says an exchange, an auctioneer, a friend of ours, put up for sale a copy of Sparks's Washington. At first, no one seemed inclined to bid, but after a while, one of the spectators offered fifteen cents a volume! Looking round at the spectators with a frown almost terrible, the auctioneer ejaculated:

"My friend, don't waste your money; you *can't read*, and what's the use of your buying *books?*"

The bidder was silent. After a little while, a box of cigars was put up, when the admirer of General Washington rapidly exclaimed:

"Fifteen cents, hang you! I'm entitled to *smoke*, if not to *Sparks?*"

A former bishop of the P. E. Church in Connecticut was well known to be a very liberal smoker. One of the young clergymen of his diocese took occasion one day in the presence of others of "the cloth," to reprove the bishop for "using the weed."

"But," said the prelate, "I smoke in moderation."

"What do you mean by moderation?" persisted the other.

"One cigar at a time!" said the bishop.

Could a man who smoked at all do less? The discourse was at an end.

Among other things to be desired are the following: A method to make truth as agreeable as falsehood; a receipt for praising a pretty girl without giving offence to her older sisters; some way of collecting a small debt without having to earn the money a second time in the attempt; how to induce a "constant reader" of a newspaper to become a constant subscriber; a plan of editing a newspaper without being considered dull by the giddy, frivolous by the "serious minded," unappreciated by three-fourths, and cheated by the other quarter. Mem.—"When found to make note of."

A schoolmaster who shone in grammar and philology, in a parsing lesson a few days since, went into an analysis of the sentence, "The sheep ran," and asked one of the boys, "what is the plural of sheep?"

"I don't know, *sir*," was the reply.

"Yes, you do know, if you'll think a minute. What is it?"

The boy still pleaded ignorance.

"It is *sowe?*" thundered the teacher.

We think he'll do.—*Boston Herald.*

A western editor thus apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper at the usual time:

"Owing to the facts that our paper-maker disappointed us, that the mails failed and deprived us of our exchanges, that a Dutch pedler stole our scissors, that the rats ran off with our paste, and the 'devil' went to the circus while the editor was at home tending babies, our paper is unavoidably delayed beyond the proper period of publication."

When a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potato, pokes the fire with the spout of the coffee pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his boot-jack, tries to cut kindlings for his morning's fire with an irony paper-knife, takes a cold boiled potato in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers to sleep in his boots and hat, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people!

A doctor had a very intimate friend whom he was accustomed to see every day, but at length the latter avoided him, and the doctor could never get near enough to speak to him. But one day, happening to come suddenly upon his friend, the doctor saluted him with, "How comes it, my friend, that I never see you of late; that you try to keep out of my way?" "Why, the fact is," he replied, "I haven't been sick for so long that I am ashamed to meet a doctor."

A Columbus (Ga.) paper received the following communication from an individual residing in the upper part of the State:

"A triwonky male is running to our post office, and hearing of a mighty fuss in France or Crimear, I want you to send me some papers with the last accounts, or give me the particulars by letter. Your paper costs too much, or I would subscribe."

On the road to Oregon, there is a lake of salt boiling water; near it is another of fine, cool fresh water, full of fine fish. You catch the fish, clean them, souse them in the salt lake, and cook them beautifully. These reports reach us through travellers.

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VOL. X.

CHAPTER

THE CITY OF

THE learned Chinese phy
their entire aversion to the
man body, can know but litt
ation, notwithstanding their
the art of healing—contend
principles enter into the co
tural life, to wit; yin and
darkness and light. Yin is
yang is the internal or vital
when these two are separa
pulsation must cease, and li
Thus, with their medical kn
this point, to which all thei
undertake to cure every dis
no matter what it may chan
of success in their principle
cordance with the above sim
pulses, of which they conten
as there are organs, muscles
body—if any of these are d
is indicated and is sure to fo
tion. They claim that the
canals, which proceed from a
six original sources, or pass
frame; and through the acti
strength are maintained.
undertook to effect a cure of p
was one of these learned an
in all probability never knew
plaint, even—though he m
the best of his abilities.

At Canton, this man's fa
ble affair; and, when the pa
was quickly bruited about t
the "great medicine man" h
home with him from Hindo
lost health. It was a long
tor's leave," this fact! Th
ed his home, however, and t
now afforded him to exhibi
make his fortune, if he succe

The city of Canton proved
interest to our little party,
especially pleased with it.
from Whampoa Reach is a s
membered; and while both b
cargo were delighted with
them, even old Rajah admitt
picturesque. The long rang
that graced the outsides of t
very attractive in their appe
tains, cultivated to their v
pagodas, rising up into the a
the curious bamboo cottag
landscape; the immense qua
junks and other curious craft
edge, all literally alive with h
man beings, of every age;
new to the eyes of the strang
ed the scene right heartily.

Then there were the va
their little portable herb
alongside; their fish tanks
or fattening the finny tribes
long bamboo poultry-cages,
police-boats, with fifteen to
side; and then the sun pass
the greater junks, with the e
eye painted upon their prow
craft, with their aquatic bird
to take the unwary fishes fro
big war junks, gaily painted,
cabins, one over the other,
poop; and finally, as they re
grand chaos of homely junks
and twisting and crowding u
every possible direction, se
scene such as once seen can
and which only exists upon t

The dense population of C
But the most closely packe
breathing humanity, on the g
in the confines of the city of
ley crowd that amuses the e
in this tour, is comprised of
mechanics, artisans, food-ven
pedlers, merchants, mandarin